LOOKING FORWARD

IN THE last issue of this coming September, we expect to print the first instalment of one of the most dramatic and significant serials which has yet come our way. Even in our most pessimistic moments, we still believe beyond any doubt that it is a story which every adult American ought to read. Certainly any adult American who ever gets started reading it will not lay it down until the finish.

STRANGELY enough it is neither strictly fiction nor biography. It does not deal with one man. It is the history of the progress of an idea and its extraordinary manifestations in this country through many men and women during the last twenty years. Written by a well known journalist and editor, it comes as close to gospel truth about a highly debatable subject as anything written by an ordinary mortal can. The name of this serial, its specific subject, and the identity of the writer will be announced in our first September issue, in time to give every one a chance to tell his friends about it before it actually starts.

MEANWHILE, we regret to report our failure to secure any genuine Eskimo or Greenland Icy Mountain articles which could be appropriately illustrated and sent to cool off our suffering subscribers during the recent heat wave. One thing, nevertheless, should cheer us all up during the few weeks remaining before summer is officially over. Congress may not be in session. Temporarily, therefore the number of things every morning calculated to irritate the ordinary citizen may be automatically cut in half. But those of us who get our entertainment that way can find plenty of consolation reading the investigations of the Fish Committee, or the political statements of the ladies and gentlemen who are seeking election this fall. The American political scene never lacks for humor.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

VOLUME 155 NUMBER 15

OUTLOOK
and Independent

August 13, 1930

Looking Forward 561
Frontispiece 562

Articles

Los Angeles! There She Blows! ..... *Louis Adamic* 563
Tom-Tom Heflin ..... *Clarence E. Cason* 566
Middletown at Summer School ..... *Edgar W. Knight* 569
Booze in Texas ..... *Edward Angly* 580
The Stream of Business ..... *Frank A. Fall* 582
Centaurs in the Flesh ..... *George Trevor* 583
Wanted: Fifty Million Buyers ..... *William O. Scroggs* 584
United States of Scandinavia ..... *T. R. Ybarra* 585

The Trend of Events 572

Backstage in Washington ..... *A. F. C.* 578

Editorial

The "Red" Menace ..... *The Editors* 579

The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books 586
The Season's Greatest Story ..... *Allen W. Porterfield* 586
The Week's Reading ..... *Virgilia Peterson Ross* and *Allen W. Porterfield* 587
Behind the Blurbs ..... *Walter R. Brooks* 589
The Housing Problem ..... *Edward T. Devine* 590
The Movies ..... *Creighton Peet* 591
From the Life ..... *Ibby Hall* 592
Ivory, Apes and Peacocks ..... *W. R. Brooks* 593
With Our Readers 600

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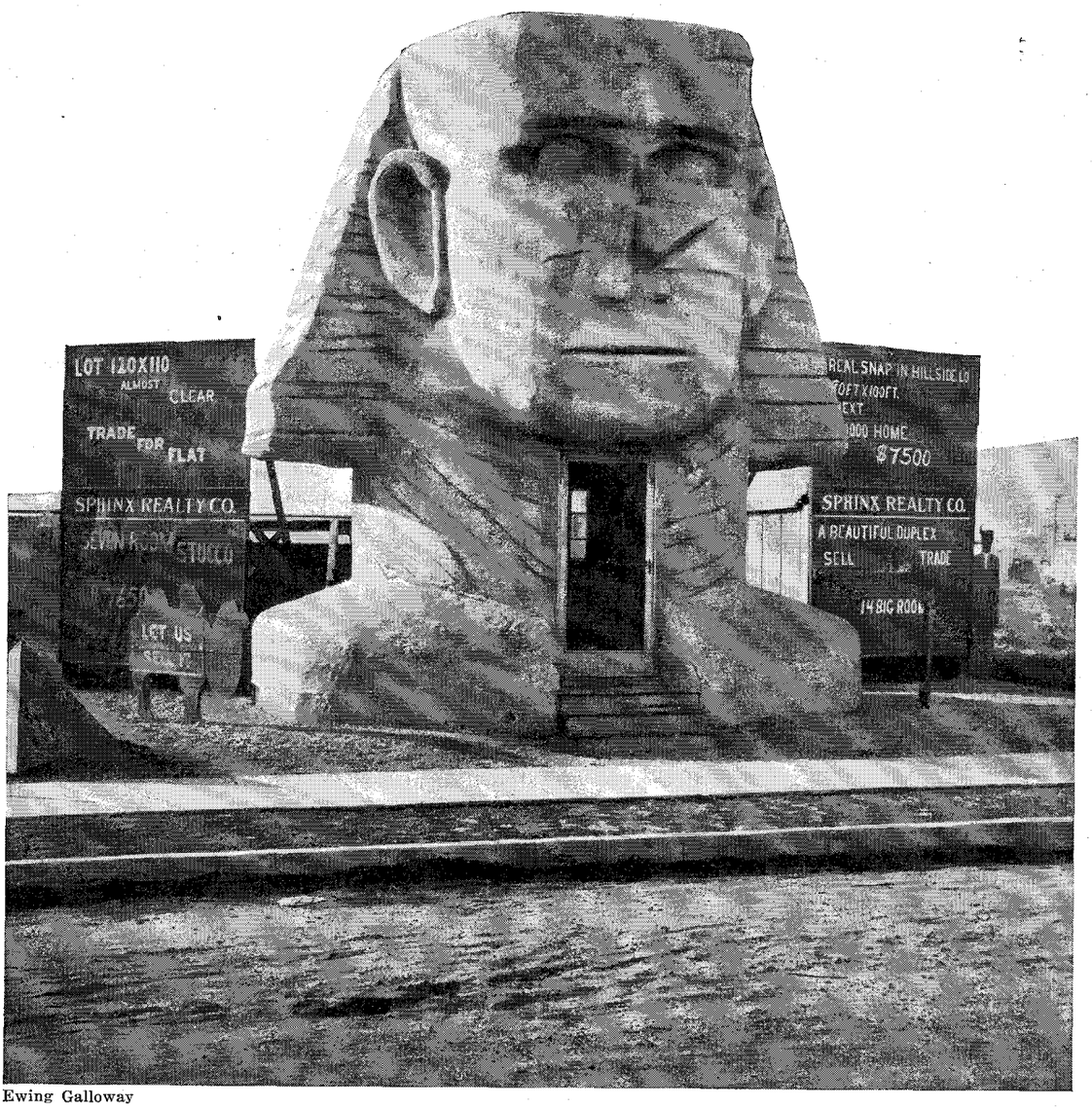

Ewing Galloway

ATTRACTING THE "FOLKS"

Real estate offices in Los Angeles appear in as many freakish guises as the homes which they sell

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

August 13, 1930

▶▶ Los Angeles! There She Blows! ◀◀

By LOUIS ADAMIC

The modest dream of the big men of Los Angeles is that ultimately she will be the largest city in the world. Perhaps this hope will be realized, for Los Angeles has determined, hard-working boosters. And her climate lures the residents of the Middle West. The problem of water supply and the possibility of an earthquake are not permitted to stand in the path of progress. In 1920, Los Angeles was the tenth city in the United States. Today it is the fifth

THE 1930 census figures show Los Angeles to be the fastest growing of the big cities of the United States. In 1920 its population was 576,673; this year it is 1,231,730. Los Angeles County, not including the city, has 967,827 people, bringing the city-county total to 2,199,557; an increase of 134.88% for the decade. Ten years ago Los Angeles was the tenth city in the country; now it claims fifth place.

Behind these arid figures lurks a dank story, dramatic and 100 per cent American, and little known to any but a few people even in Los Angeles; for most of them are recent arrivals there from the Mid-Western pampas and are still too excited about their new home town, its perennial spring weather, its palm-lined boulevards and picturesque bungalows, and its very own Aimee Semple McPherson, Clara Bow and Tom Mix really to know anything about the place.

A HUNDRED years ago El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora Santa Maria la Reina de Los Angeles—its official name then—was a moribund Mexican village built around a dusty plaza. Then, in the war with Mexico, the United States acquired California and in '49 the Gold Rush brought to the pueblo a mob of disappointed prospectors and "bad men" driven out of San Francisco by the Vigilantes; after which the place soon assumed a different face. Unlike the Mexicans, these newcomers had pep and vim. They began to call the place simply Los Angeles, or just "Loss."

In the '50s and '60s there was no tougher town in America than Los Angeles. With a population fluctuating between three and eight thousand, it supported two or three churches, including the Franciscan Mission, and 110 saloons. The sun seldom rose without finding a few bullet-riddled bodies in the gutters. The Indian aborigines living in a dismal settlement nearby—now wholly extinct—were used as targets by drunken Americanos. Lynchings were frequent. One sunny afternoon in '71, a mob of 500 white men, searching for a Chinese criminal, massacred eighteen Chinamen in a few hours, and looted Chinatown.

The good people of Los Angeles nowadays dislike being reminded of that incident. I mention it only because it was the beginning of the golden era of moral uplift and industrial progress. Eighteen in one afternoon were too many, albeit they were only Chinamen; so the best people got together and legislated drastically against such bloody doings.

At about the same time there also came definitely into the life of the town several new brands of Christianity hitherto little heard of in southern California, where Franciscans had had, practically, a monopoly upon spiritual matters. Industry began to pick up and progress was on. Mexican labor was cheap; besides, Japanese and Chinamen were being imported wholesale in order to help do the dirty work.

Then, suddenly, in the late '80s, the boom hit the place; an amazing boom, which has been going on ever since, with only slight let-ups from time to time.

Two recently completed transcontinental railroads, the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fé, started a war for the supremacy of the Far West, especially of California, where they owned vast tracts of land which they were eager to develop. California was advertised throughout the East and Mid-West as the Golden State, the spot on which God had smiled His broadest smile, the land of perpetual sunshine, the paradise on earth. For a time, round-trip tickets from points west of Missouri could be had for as low as a dollar apiece. "Come-ons" arrived in hordes and within a few years the population of Los Angeles trebled and the land values increased 300%.

In the '90s, two books—*Our Italy* by Charles Dudley Warner and *California for Health, Pleasure, and Residence* by Charles Nordhoff—became best-sellers in the East and Mid-West, and everybody learned what an ideal place California was for the sick. Helen Hunt Jackson wrote *Ramona* and numerous magazine articles, playing up the romantic ideas with which the name of California was being associated. Many other writers visited the State, some of them as guests of the railways, and became enthusiastic about the Climate—which was already being spelled with a capital C.

Ever since a stream of humanity has been rolling Los Angeles-ward, mostly victims of the pioneer era in the de-

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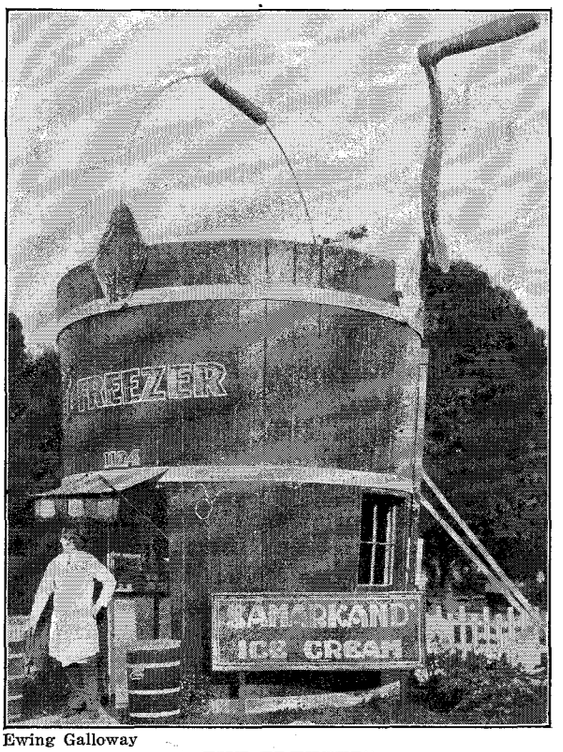
velopment of the Middle West. In the '80s the permanent population of the town increased from fifteen to fifty thousand; during the '90s to nearly 100,000; in the next decade it trebled; in the following it almost doubled; since 1920, as the latest census indicates, it passed well over the first million; and now the go-getters—some of them descendants of the rough characters of the hell-roaring period—look confidently ahead to 1935, when the third million will be on the way. Big things are immediately ahead for Los Angeles. Next year is the sesquicentennial celebration, which will bring there hundreds of thousands of tourists, a large percentage of whom will succumb to Climate and other allurements of southern California; and in 1932 the Coliseum will be the scene of the Olympic Games and, with good luck and Mr. Hoover in the White House, the Republican Party will hold its National Convention in the famous Hollywood Bowl—both big boosts for Los Angeles.

That Los Angeles will ultimately—perhaps within the next three or four decades—be the *biggest* city in the world, is a very popular notion in Los Angeles. The place has many great advantages, among the foremost, of course, being Climate, and but a single drawback, which, however, is an extremely serious one—that of water shortage. The Los Angeles business and civic leaders, afflicted as they are with great desire for swift development of the community and for increased real estate values, are caught between Climate, which draws the "come-ons" by the hundreds of thousands every year, and the Water Problem, which threatens to put a stop to the growth of the city—if not now, eventually.

Los Angeles has plenty of water for a population, perhaps, twice its present number; but the big go-getters are thinking, in all seriousness, of the not distant future when the town will have seven or eight million people—and to provide water for that population keeps them scratching their heads. However, they are resourceful men, and their ability to deal with the Water Problem has already been tested.

Thirty years ago Los Angeles was a small city. The water supply was sufficient for its needs then, but in the opinion of the go-getters it was a mere drop in the bucket. They saw that Climate eventually would make it a great city, perhaps the largest in the world. They were "men of vision" and owners of undeveloped real estate. They could almost foresee the time when the part of southern California that lies between the mountains and the Pacific, from Santa Barbara to San Diego—a distance of two hundred miles—would be virtually one enormous community. The newspapers shared these same visions of growth, for their owners were the biggest real estate men in the city.



Ewing Galloway

"THE FREEZER"

The handle on this Los Angeles ice-cream stand turns all day

So early in the 1900's they began to harp upon the idea that Los Angeles needed more water *immediately*. The supply at the time would be insufficient in five years. They were most emphatic and vociferous about it. Los Angeles must think of its future in terms of millions.

Some 250 miles northeast of Los Angeles, beneath the Sierras, off the Nevada border, in Inyo County, is an arid region called Owens Valley, and it was there that the Los Angeles leaders turned their avid eyes; for through it ran a river of melted mountain snow.

In 1903, the National Reclamation Service became suddenly—and for the time being, inexplicably—interested in the reclamation of the region. The ranchers were pleasantly surprised, for the government apparently contemplated storing the flood waters for irrigation purposes and distributing them to promote settlement and development. At last prosperity would come to Owens Valley!

Some storage locations had previously been made by ranchers who, however, lacked the means to carry out their purposes. These locations were now willingly surrendered at the government's request, and every co-operation that the National Reclamation Service asked was given by the people of Inyo County, some of whom were already deriving water for their land from sources that would be involved in the project. The government agents went through the motions of making extensive "investigations," covering stream measurements, tests of soil, area of farming lands, sites of proposed storage dams, and other details. All the local circumstances favored the project, and the people of Inyo, while noting the slowness of definite announcement of action, entertained no doubt of the good faith of the government. But for two years nothing was done.

Then, in 1904, a couple of strangers appeared in the valley. They were big go-getters from Los Angeles. Mrs. Mary Austin, the novelist, who was then living in Inyo, once told me that she felt an instinctive dislike for the men the moment she saw them. "I knew," she said, "that they were playing a high-handed game." Mrs. Austin's instincts were sound. They bought up great stretches of land along the Owens River, thus gaining control of the flow of the river; whereupon they deeded the land to the City of Los Angeles. They acquired even the locations that the ranchers had surrendered to the government, for the chief of the National Reclamation Service in California and supervising officer of the Owens Valley "project" was a Los Angeles man who had been hired by the Los Angeles go-getters to handle the "project" so that the city would get most of the water, and who used his official position to defeat the reclamation enterprise, which would have benefited the valley, after the settlers there had given the government their co-operation. It has been said, and to the point, that "the government held Owens Valley while Los Angeles skinned it."

Meantime the people of Los Angeles were being urged by the go-getters to

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vote for a large water-bond issue. They proposed to build a great aqueduct to bring the water to Los Angeles. But, unexpectedly, considerable opposition developed to the bond issue; for the people had been asked to vote for all sorts of bonds for years and they were getting weary of the game. To overcome this opposition, the go-getters, who were in charge of the Water Board, induced or ordered the chief engineer of the water works to run millions of gallons of water stored in the reservoirs into the sewers—ostensibly for purposes of sanitation, to flush the system, whereupon the people were forbidden to water their lawns and gardens. This artificially created drought lasted throughout the summer months, and all the lawns in the city turned brown and the flowers died.

On election day the people, convinced that there was a shortage of water, voted the water bonds—$22,500,000! After which the city immediately set out to build the aqueduct. In two years it was finished—a great engineering feat: as long as England is wide, passing through 142 tunnels and crossing a desert as large as the State of Massachusetts. Thus the go-getters of Los Angeles took the water that a naïve God had intended for the use of Owens Valley and so neatly ruined the region for agricultural purposes.

The "drought" ruined also what is known as San Fernando Valley, a choice section immediately north of Los Angeles. The ranchers, who were getting their water from Los Angeles' reservoirs, were told there was no more water for them. Ruined, they had to sell their land—to a syndicate of Los Angeles men, organized for the purpose of acquiring the entire valley! Since then, with the aqueduct going right through San Fernando, the go-getters have cleaned up millions of dollars on subdivisions. Immediately after the aqueduct was completed the people of Los Angeles complained about San Fernando, which was not a part of the city, using the water. To quiet these complaints, the go-getters simply extended the city limits beyond San Fernando—one reason why Los Angeles is so big!

The people of Owens Valley have tried in vain to make Los Angeles pay for their ruined ranches and towns; they have no power in the state, whereas Los Angeles has. In desperation, they have dynamited the aqueduct three times in recent years, but that did them no good. Los Angeles repaired it immediately. Some of the leaders of the protesting ranchers have been framed up or lured into criminal acts for which they are now serving long sentences in San Quentin.

In brief, Los Angeles business leaders are quite able to deal with the great drawback of little water. They are determined that Los Angeles shall grow. The Owens River and other sources will provide plenty of water till 1935; by then Boulder Dam will be finished at the expense of the entire United States, and the southern California boosters intend to get—indeed, have already insured for themselves—a lion's share of its benefits. In October, 1928, Herbert Hoover delivered his Boulder Dam speech from the steps of the Los Angeles City Hall. It pleased all the big men of Los Angeles. With their past experiences and success in getting water and power, they will have no difficulty in handling effectively the opposition to their schemes now developing in Arizona, New Mexico and the other arid states interested in the project. Secretary Wilbur of the Interior is a loyal Californian, as is President Hoover.

Los Angeles means to grow, drawbacks or no drawbacks, and sooner or later become the biggest city in the country.

Twenty years ago Los Angeles barely missed acquiring another handicap when the labor unions tried to organize all the workers and make it another closed shop town like San Francisco where industry at that time was at a standstill chiefly because ambitious and unscrupulous laborites had gained economic and political control of the city. But Los Angeles, under the leadership of General Harrison Gray Otis' *Times*, defeated the attempt just as it was about to succeed. As a part of the unionizing campaign, the McNamaras dynamited the *Times* Building and killed twenty non-union employees, but to no avail; the boosters were determined to stay in control of Los Angeles' future, and they stayed. Had the unions won, the town probably would be much smaller today, and of little importance industrially. The unions are still one of the principal reasons for San Francisco's inability to keep up with Los Angeles in point of population and industry.

Thus everything possible and impossible is done by the big Los Angeles entrepreneurs, organized in the Chamber of Commerce, Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association and the Better-America Federation, to keep the organized labor movement down. The A. F. of L. is considered as dangerous and un-American in southern California as are the I.W.W. and the Communist Party. Every effort to organize workers is nipped in the bud; the leaders are usually arrested on the charge of suspicion of criminal syndicalism and jailed. As I write this, a score of organizers and agitators are in various southern California jails. San Fran-

(Please Turn to Page 594)

Ewing Galloway

"THE BARKIES" HOT DOG STAND
Los Angeles goes in for something novel in sandwich shops

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Tom-Tom Heflin

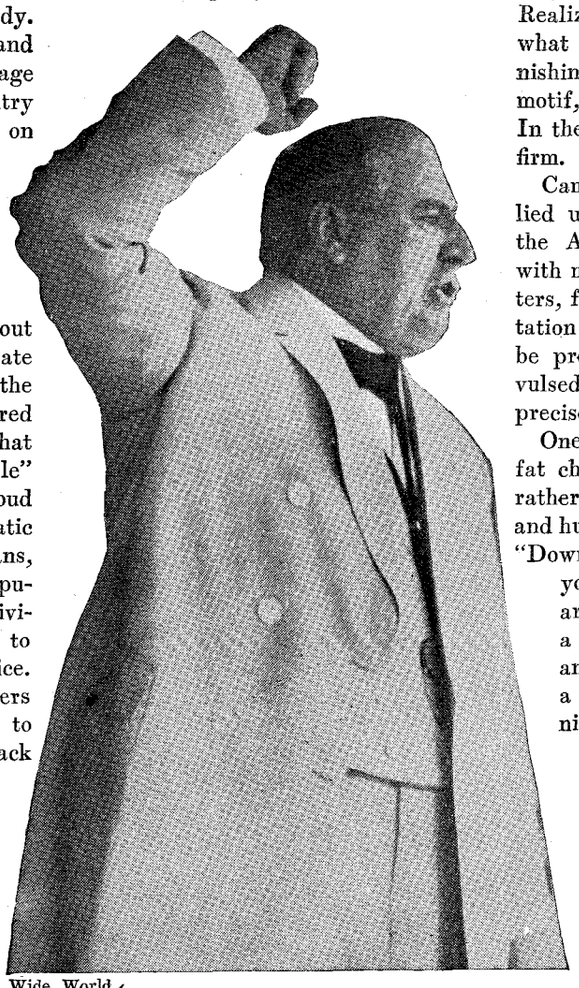
By CLARENCE E. CASON

THIRTY-SEVEN years ago a bumptious young rustic was register in chancery at the court house of Chambers County in the stumpy hills and sun-baked red valleys of southeast Alabama. He was James Thomas Heflin at the age of twenty-four. Having already overwhelmed the rural environs of his boyhood, he had sought a new afflatus in the county seat town of Lafayette, and expanding there his talents as a show-off, he soon emerged as Sir Oracle again. His world was not the moth-eaten record books and the high stool that cramped his ox-like body. He preferred to loiter in the dim and acrid corridors, roaring crafty badinage and slapping the backs of the country people who sat propped for hours on their haunches, lolling their quids of tobacco from tongue to cheek and talking about cotton and the coming election.

Passing through the hallways month after month and seeing the knots of people always gathered about this guffawing young clerk, Probate Judge A. J. Driver, a whip-horse of the Democratic party, one day ushered Heflin into private consultation. That was in 1895. The "rise of the people" had reached Alabama; there was loud clamor for a division of the Democratic party. Calling themselves Jeffersonians, while their enemies termed them Populites, the small farmers and underprivileged classes were banding together to push their own candidates into office. There was a pressing need for leaders whose characteristics would appeal to the revolutionists and steer them back into the fold. Young Heflin seemed perfectly adapted for such a post.

The next year the regular Democrats backed him for the state legislature. Stumping his district, he thus referred to his opponent, an insurgent candidate: "He's no bigger than a bump on a pine log. If he gets down there to Montgomery, he'll buy a bag of peanuts and put one of them on his desk so the speaker of the house won't be able to see him." The indignant rejoinder was: "If you stick a pitch fork in Tom Heflin and let the wind blow out, a pair of my breeches would swallow him." Heflin won the race without any difficulty whatever. Since that time he has been in public office continuously.

THIS year the enlightened elements of the Democratic party in Alabama—consisting partially of a liberal-minded and progressive group of the new generation—are determined to end Old Tom's career. His mad rush upon Al Smith in 1928 piled up 120,000 Alabama votes for President Hoover, while the regular Democrats strained their last ounce of energy in retaining 127,000 votes for the party nominees. As a consequence, the state executive committee last December banned Heflin from entering the party primaries in August. This action was bitterly contested, and the opponents of Heflin won by a majority of only six ballots in a vote of forty-eight members.



Wide World

Cotton Tom of Alabama

Cotton Tom accepted the challenge. First he called upon the committee to rescind their action. "We have fallen upon strange times," he bellowed. "The story is going around that money was used in that committee. When money from the Roman Pope and Tammany Hall can corrupt the sovereign state of Alabama, it is time for decent men to take a hand. The story is told that the liquor jug was flowing freely down there at Montgomery. The aged father of one of the members told me the boys never would have slaughtered me without a trial if they hadn't been drunk. They desecrated the Sabbath as well, while they were holding that week-end orgy." Realizing that they had played somewhat into the hands of Heflin by furnishing him with a powerful persecution motif, the committee for a time wavered. In the end, however, the majority held firm.

Campaigning in this crisis, Heflin relied upon his unvarying formula with the Alabama voter: the raucous tale with mimicry of Negro or rural characters, followed by an irrelevant interpretation in terms of whatever issues might be pressing at the moment. The convulsed assemblage is never a stickler for precise logical progression.

One time, says Mr. Heflin, lifting his fat chin to the side and twinkling his rather glassy eyes, a party was fishing and hunting in the swamps of Louisiana. "Down there they call swamps bayeyous," he explains. "While paddling around in a boat, they came opposite a clearing where somebody lived, and they stopped a while to watch a flock of fifteen or twenty little niggers playing around on the bank. Suddenly they saw one of those big slimy crocodiles glide in there, catch up one of the little niggers, and swallow him down. Dashing to the edge of the clearing, the fishermen came upon an old Negro mammy, who was busily washing clothes in a boiler and hanging them out to dry. Hearing of the tragic occurrence, she began to count the numerous brood now scurrying about her skirts. 'Lawdy, Lawdy,' she moaned. 'Ain't I done been tellin' Andy dat somebody's been a-stealin' dem chillun!' " Amid the resultant avalanche of laughter, Heflin pounds the rostrum and shakes his great red fist in the air. "What I mean to tell you is that something's been a-stealin' the chillun of Democracy. Maybe you don't know

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what that something is. I'm here to tell you it's the tainted dollars of the Roman Pope."

On July 4 Heflin announced the resurrection of the Jeffersonians to fight the regular Democratic candidates in the general election scheduled for November. The Jeffersonians are planning their own primaries in every county on August 12, the same day as the regular party primaries, and they have announced that a general convention of their forces is to be held in Montgomery in September. In addition to the Jeffersonians, there is a Heflin Legion; the Legionnaires buy memberships at $2 each, and presumably swear eternal allegiance to Old Tom. With characteristic evasion, Heflin declaims, "We have no third party. The party of Thomas Jefferson has fallen into strange hands. We are going to give it back to the rank and file of the Democratic people, where it belongs."

Generally it is believed that John H. Bankhead will beat Frederick I. Thompson in the race for the Democratic nomination for Senator, and that he consequently will bear the standard against Heflin on November 4. Mr. Bankhead, who is considered a capable man, is the son of the late Senator John H. Bankhead, to whose unexpired term Heflin succeeded when he was first elected to the Senate in 1920. Thus Cotton Tom, late in his career of many contradictions, at last is leading the forces of insurrection, against which he was pitted when sagacious party managers in 1895 snatched him from his clerkship in the Chambers County court house and sent him to the state legislature.

In the present speaking campaign, Heflin lays violent stress upon the issues of 1928, for he wishes to capture the 120,000 anti-Smith votes in Alabama. Toward this end he interprets the favorite old story of the early days of the telephone. "When these telephone people were first trying to buy up tracts of land so they could set up their rural lines, they couldn't persuade Uncle Johnny to listen to reason," Mr. Heflin begins. "All Uncle Johnny would say was, 'I'm agin 'em.' They tried to explain just how the contraption worked. 'Do you mean to tell me yer words goes along of them thar little wires?' Uncle Johnny asked. 'Is them wires hollow? If they ain't hollow, why don't them words fall offen the wires? An' why don't the rain wash 'em off?'

"Finally they got the old man in town one day and made a connection with his wife in a little place about ten miles away. 'Come on now, Uncle Johnny,' they said, 'an' talk to yer old woman.' 'Is she in that 'ere little box?' Uncle Johnny wanted to know. They pushed him up to the telephone, in spite of his protests, and put the receiver to his ear. Just then there came a streak of lightning and a big thunder clap. Uncle Johnny was struck. As he fell back five feet and began to crawl under a table, he yelled out, 'That's her all right—that shore is my old woman!' "

As soon as his voice can be heard above the uproar, Heflin continues, "Now you can't blame old Uncle Johnny for being a little skeptical when he first heard about that mysterious telephone, and I can't blame you for wanting proof about some of the things I'm telling you. It takes a stroke of lightning to wake up some people. Well, back of the strange doings of Al Smith and his friend Raskob is their master's voice in the Vatican at Rome. They are getting ready for another attempt in 1932."

The profound significance of the expression *I'm agin it* in Alabama folk psychology is worth a passing note. The words indicate a defense mechanism against any condition which they feel to be mysterious, suspicious, and consequently menacing to them. The attitude is widely characteristic. It serves to explain in part the dread of the Catholic church. There are no Catholics whatever in many Alabama towns; many of the country people have never seen a priest or nun. Yet, when they are told of the rituals and symbolisms of the Catholics, they feel that there is something devilish, witch-like, and ominous about it all. "What's them critters garbed up like that fer?—What's they a-hatchin' up in thar?" The Catholic procedure is utterly bewildering and terrorizing. To a limited degree the attitude is directed against Episcopalians. With the recent ingressions of competitive labor in the form of Italian, Irish, and Mexican Catholics, the agitation against the religion of the foreigner has assumed an economic basis.

Mr. Heflin has at least one other major grievance against the regular Democrats. They have stolen his thunder relative to "white supremacy" and the glory of the "white man's party." Indeed, it was only through appeal to the mythical dread of the Emperor Jones that the Democrats were able to offset the temporary menace of Romanism in 1928. Nevertheless, Heflin continues to make capital of the helpless white man's fear and jealousy of Negro competition.

His deliberate flatteries of the poor white man's somewhat doubtful sense of superiority over the Negro are both cunning and devious. At the beginning of one of his addresses in a crowded auditorium, the master of ceremonies, presumably at Heflin's direction, rose with a troubled countenance. "I understand," he said, "that there are a lot of Negro men occupying good seats in the back of this hall. There are some white southern ladies down here who are being compelled to stand up. Black people, get up and give these white ladies your seats." (Heflin, incidentally, gives no prominence to the recorded fact that he voted against the woman suffrage amendment in the United States House of Representatives in 1919.) Careful scrutiny of the auditorium disclosed only one Negro in the entire assembly; he was standing, embarrassed and out of place, near the main doorway. The effect, nevertheless, was unhampered. In Washington Heflin cries, "If that Negro, DePriest, comes in the barber shop while I'm there, I'll punch him in the jaw"; in Birmingham, shortly thereafter, a thousand men dressed in Ku Klux Klan regalia burned DePriest in effigy.

All the characters and episodes of Mr. Heflin's tales are close to the life experiences of his followers. A much-repeated story deals with a backwoods man's first contact with a hand mirror. The itinerant salesman was able to overcome the mountaineer's superstitious dread only by telling him that the image in the glass was a picture of his grandfather. "I'm agin it," the mountaineer averred. At last, however, he purchased the mysterious object and carried it home. Not daring to show it to his wife, he hid the magic frame under a pile of hay in the barn loft. Regularly he would trail from the house and gaze for long periods into its depths.

His wife, becoming suspicious, followed him to the barn one day. Slipping up behind him, she seized the mirror and held it close to her face. "So this," she cried in a great rage, "is the old hussy you been a-sneakin' off out here to see every day." Heflin's interpretation is that the "old hussy" back of the present political situation in Alabama is Tammany Hall.

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Old Tom relates that a stranger in a certain rural district was visiting an old man who lived by himself. Noticing a series of ten or twelve holes bored through the wall near the floor, the stranger inquired what they were. "Them's cat holes," the old man said. "Cat holes?" the stranger answered in surprise. "Why do you need ten or twelve of them? Ain't one hole enough? Don't all them make hit powerful drafty in here?" "Mebbe you don't understand, stranger," the old man explained, "but them cats do. They knows that when I says, 'Scat!' I means *scat!*" Drawing himself up proudly and waving his arms belligerently in a sweeping gesture, Heflin declaims, "And these Raskobites and traitorous hirelings know that when I say, 'Scat!' I mean *scat!*"

As a youthful legislator, first in the Alabama assembly and then in the state senate, Heflin had already begun to affect eccentricities in speech and appearance. He was to be marked by his sombrero hat, his high standing collar, the fantastic sash of a bow tie around his neck, and his booming voice. To his friends he said a public man ought to dress so the people would know him.

The son of a country physician struggling through the lean days of the Civil War, Tom Heflin was born at the crossroads settlement of Louina, near the village of Lafayette, in 1869. The old family home is still to be seen, and in spite of its ramshackle condition, the countryside is invited there annually to attend the reunion of the Heflin family. Besides Cotton Tom, there are a circuit judge, a city physician, two Methodist preachers, and a sister. The house is a one-story affair, to which the family added another room every time a child was born.

The Heflin brothers in a body attended country school at Milltown, where, as a schoolmate testifies, they were known far and wide as "those mean Heflin boys." Later Tom attended Southern University, a kind of semi-religious institution then conducted at Greenville by a state branch of the Methodist church. His formal schooling was concluded by a period at a polytechnic institute located at Auburn, about twenty miles from Lafayette. Not being inclined, however, to the pursuit of scholarship, Tom returned to his home. In a haphazard manner he obtained a smattering of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1893. Though his purely political carer was begun the very next year, Heflin likes to speak of himself as a "professional" man.

During his four years at the capitol in Montgomery, there were few warehouses available for the cotton brought into town by the farmers. The bales were temporarily piled in long rows up and down the center of Dexter Street. As Heflin walked daily from his hotel to the capitol, he would hear the cotton buyers making their bids to the farmers, and at night he would hear the Negroes

Keystone

Senator Heflin believes that a public man ought to dress so the people will know him

laughing and telling stories to each other as they stood guard over the cotton bales throughout the warm autumn nights. At this period Heflin began to think of his political appeal in terms of cotton prices, and from that time until 1924 he—bearing the name of Cotton Tom — based all his speeches upon promises to obtain higher prices for the crop of the state.

Just how he was to influence this complicated economic process he never felt called upon to elucidate. If he has ever done anything whatever toward such an end, the record has failed to bear witness. On occasions, however, when the quotations happened to be on the rise, he found it easy to convince his untutored audiences that he alone was their benefactor. Contrary conditions he met by blaming the farmers for not holding their cotton for a favorable market, as he had repeatedly advised them to do. That a tenant farmer, with an average cash income of $15 a month, cannot well hold his cotton when the crop is heavily mortgaged before being planted is another condition for which Heflin assumed no logical responsibility.

Precisely when Senator Heflin ceased to be exclusively "Cotton Tom" and became mainly a crusader against the Pope cannot be determined with certainty. His split with the party came in 1924. When it appeared that his old crony, Ex-Governor W. W. Brandon, might oppose him for the Senate, he exclaimed, "You kind of expect a fice dog to follow around after a big Newfoundland." His particular antipathy and jealousy, however, were directed against his senior colleague, Senator Oscar W. Underwood. When Mr. Underwood announced against the Ku Klux Klan in preparation for the National Democratic Convention in New York, Mr. Heflin is supposed to have determined deliberately that he would cast his lot with that organization.

In Alabama it is often said that Heflin frequently received $250 a night for his addresses to the Klansmen. On the days when he made public addresses, the newspapers often carried large notices of Klan gatherings to hear "a distinguished visiting member." Conjecture was that the notable thus thinly veiled was obviously Mr. Heflin. At any rate, Heflin was never heard to speak publicly against the Catholics in Alabama before 1924, one of the years in which the Klan was particularly active. His closest friends uniformly attest his lack of originality. It seems, therefore, quite plausible that, finding himself adrift from the party and without the counsels of his former advisers, he took over bodily the general platform of the Ku Klux Klan and steered his course accordingly. At this time he viciously attacked the wet stand of Senator Underwood, regardless of the record that he himself voted against the national prohibition amendment in the United States House of Representa-

(Please Turn to Page 597)

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▸▸ Middletown at Summer School ◂◂

By EDGAR W. KNIGHT

THE critics often charge that the summer session is not only sterilizing and discrediting the profession of teaching but also ballyhooing scholarship into backwardness. Some of the critics appear to believe quite sincerely, therefore, that this is not a legitimate activity of a reputable college or university and say that the institution maintaining such an educational nuisance will sooner or later lose its prestige. They look upon the summer school as a jerry-built makeshift and think that only professors of superficial, inferior, or doubtful scholarship teach under such unorthodox arrangement. They say that it is not a child of honor but rather the issue of the university's misplaced confidence, and that it should be considered as unauthorized and spurious; treated as alma mater's illegitimate offspring and not as a son.

Not only are the critics wrong but, being outsiders generally, they are not always even competent to testify. More competent are the thousands of men and women, most of them managers and teachers of the public and private schools of this country, who continue to patronize this most popular of all American summer resorts. They do not go in holiday mood merely. They appear really to know what it is all about, and do not look upon the summer session as just another piece of educational hocus pocus and folderol contrived by a powerful system to bother school teachers who, say the critics, are the most benevolently and politely enslaved, completely repressed, and spinelessly dependent group in the world.

IF THERE is any doubt in the minds of those who question the sincerity of summer school students, it would be rather promptly removed by a visit on almost any one of these warm summer days to Morningside Heights or Washington Square in New York, to the Midway Plaisance in Chicago, to Jefferson's University at Charlottesville, to that great institution just across the Golden Gate at Berkeley, or to any one of a host of other educational centers throughout the United States. At these educational institutions are promoted and maintained every summer some of the most important of all the organized facilities for higher and professional education to be found anywhere in the world. And the high and intelligent purposes and eager vitality of the scores of thousands of students who annually crowd into these places are vigorous rebukes to those who look upon the summer session and wail " 'Tis all barren."

For, after all, the warmest supporters of the summer session are those who attend and believe they profit by it. In fact, they know they profit by it. The number itself is impressive, probably reaching close to three hundred thousand this summer. At Columbia University alone are gathered 14,000 who are enrolled in more than a thousand courses in charge of about 800 professors and instructors, nearly half of whom are drawn from other institutions. These students have come to New York from every American state, from the insular and non-contiguous territories, and from forty foreign countries. About seventy per cent of the total number are women and more than half have studied at Columbia previously. Sixty-eight per cent belong to that group which the critics say is repressed and, when they are not studying in summer session, are teaching in the elementary schools, the secondary schools, normal schools and teachers' colleges, and on those higher levels of American education where so many weary ones are believed to rest—that is, in the colleges and universities. They are superintendents, supervisors, principals, and teachers from the public schools, fresh bachelors of art from soft southern colleges, sedate heads of departments from the ancient institutions in the east, and unlicked cub professors from the colleges of the exuberant west. They come from every Middletown in the country.

They are not educational picnickers. They mean business. Every one of the five teaching days of the six teaching weeks they will be found in their places in 335 different courses that are known in the craft as "education" and through which are exhibited the latest fashions in pedagogy and school management. Principal John Smith and Teacher Mary Jones, of the Middletown public school, are promised by the catalogue descriptions of the courses in which they are enrolled the opportunity to hear about the development, the meaning, the scientific basis, the methods, and the fundamental problems of instruction from the point of view of the various fields of educational thought and practice represented at the most eminent institution in all the world for the professional training of teachers. Several thousand others from the highways and the byways and the hedges of the American public school system will join with Mr. Smith and Miss Jones, even as early as 7:30 in the morning, Daylight Saving Time, to hear the words of educational salvation fall fresh from the lips of a distinguished company of scholars and professional educators. This quest for light and leading these eager students will keep up through the lengthened hours of the day and long after the sluggish citizens of Middletown have gone to their virtuous beds.

THE CRITICS would be compelled to notice that most of these summer session students are serious in their purposes. Sometimes they may appear a bit solemn as they go about their duties, but not many of them are lacking in some sense of humor; and those who entered the summer session without this saving pedagogical grace are likely to acquire a measure of it before the season closes. But nobody knows better than these students themselves, most of whom are teachers, that buffoonery is tricky and dangerous, and that the history of education is full of warning to those in it who would turn clowns or indulge excessively in levity. They know all too well that few humorists are ever elevated to school superintendencies or principalships, college presidencies, deanships, heads of departments, or similar posts. Teachers are moderately ambitious and may often have their eyes on the main chance, and certainly they are pardonably proud of their promotions, whenever these come. But not one of the thousands who are refreshing themselves and are being refreshed on Morningside this summer can be found who does not know full well that high educational places are generally filled in this world by serious and solemn people, although all of them may be intimately acquainted with many such educational leaders who have been known to become comical afterwards.

The reports that summer session students are weak of will and endure conditions which those in the legitimate sessions are not called upon to bear appear also to be inventions of educational

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On the campus, Columbia Summer School

snobs and sluggards and the reporters should be had up, if what the students themselves think and say about the matter are honestly thought and said. The critics may continue to sneer, but this cultural oasis in American life will continue to draw men and women from every Main Street in the land. Why? Because the summer session has not disappointed them. Every year they return to Middletown, about the middle of August, not only a bit better educated than they were when they took up their residence in this Babylon on the Subways, as a custodian of the men's dormitories at Columbia describes the city by way of warning to temporary residents. But they return also more learned and wiser. Above all else, they return more civilized and cultivated.

For six weeks they have lived in the greatest American city. They have looked with their own eyes down its colorful Broadway and up at its dizzy skyscrapers. They have ridden on its underground and in its elevated trains and have seen where they are going down the Avenue. They have traversed and circumnavigated the whole wicked island by day and at night have seen the city in all its glory. They have supped at a real Chinese restaurant in Chinatown and looked upon the wonders in the "Colored Sector." They have witnessed the making of a modern newspaper and have heard the babel of jubilant and distressed voices in the Exchange and on the Curb. They have bowed their heads at the tomb of Ulysses S. Grant and of Theodore Roosevelt, have viewed the upper and the lower bays, and have glimpsed at the wide expanse of the ocean beyond. They have studied the animals at the Zoological Gardens and plant life at the Botanical. A day they have spent on the Hudson which included a visit to the United States Military Academy at West Point. They have seen the slums, settlement work, and the brass shops on the East Side, and they have visited a night court where dirty crooks are cautioned about their conduct in society. They have seen the grotesque movie palaces, the mysteries of a broadcasting station, and Babe Ruth hit a homer, have studied art at the Metropolitan under the direction of specialists and, despite the admission charge, have visited and inspected the sleeping quarters and the public rooms of the great Britannic. Some of these excursions the summer session students make on their own initiative and effort, but others are made under the chaste chaperonage of Columbia and the guidance of the kindest ciceroni that great institution can provide for the entertainment and cultivation of those who sit at her feet in summer.

Who are we provincials in the geography of interests to say, then, that opportunities such as these are not w o r t h w h i l e ? Through them summer school students acquire fresh first-hand information which is not only a source of personal s a t i s f a c t i o n but which they can use to vitalize many lessons in social science and chapel periods in the high school or programs at Kiwanis or the woman's club in Middletown.

These summer school students are really a discriminating group of people. Back in Middletown their daily lives are routinized, standardized, systematized, perhaps a bit arid at times. So also was much of their formal training in high school, college, or normal school. But in summer session things are different. Here they are free to do as they will within reasonable institutional limits. The entrance requirements are not particularly exacting and the registration demands are few and simple and can be done promptly. They do not have to listen to an address by the president or submit to the laying on of hands by some dean in all his owlish solemnity. They are not diverted by extra-curricular side shows and academic vaudeville, and they are free from most of the institution's traditions and safe from collegiate bacilli. They do not have to practice college yells, endure a fraternity rushing season, cultivate college spirit, or listen to alumni secretaries. So, the summer session students get rather promptly to work.

Scores of courses are open to them without let or hindrance if only they think they can profit by them. They are likely to select those that hold out promise of help, and not merely those that are scheduled at the more comfortable hours or require the registrants to ascend only one flight of stairs. They register for what they want or think they want and if, after they have begun it, they find out that the course is not

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to their liking, these men and women of genial personalities but determined wills, leave the professors, generally quite courteously, of course, but always cold. This behavior shows a bit of spine which the critics are reluctant to admit.

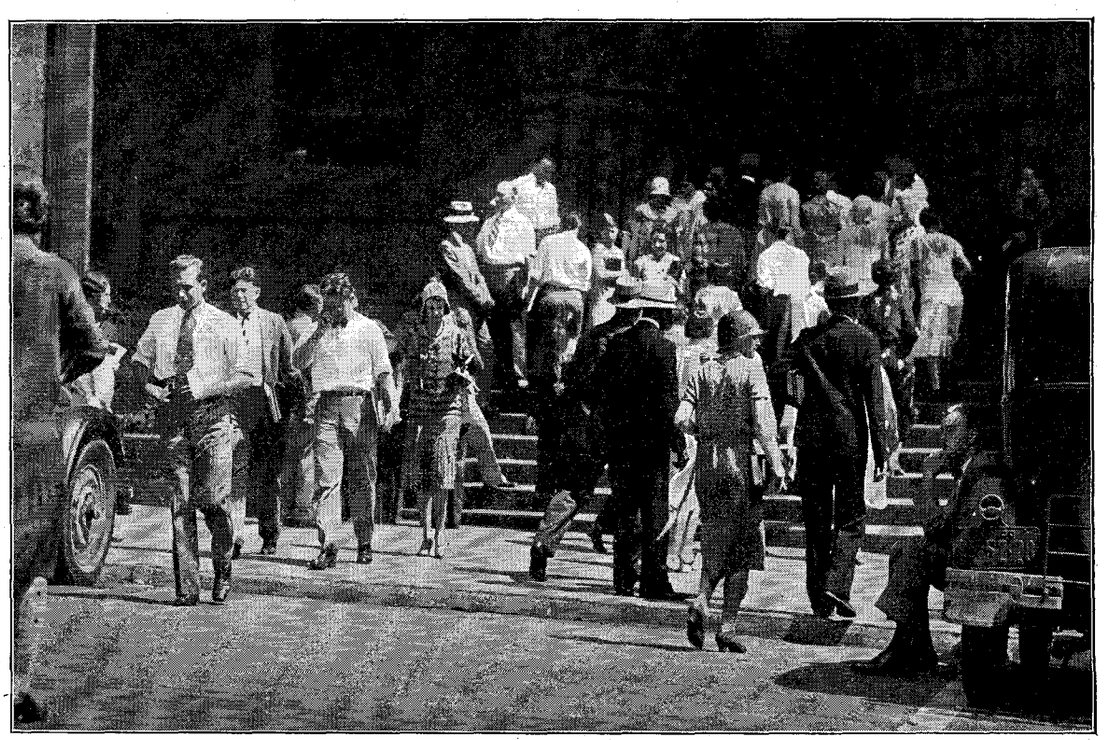
In fact it is this kind of behavior of summer session students which is so different from that of those who patronize the educational resorts that flourish only in the winter and spring months. Moreover, it keeps the summer school professor on the alert, particularly during the early days of the session. He wants to sell his line, of course, and in order to do so he puts his best jaw forward. After the statute of limitations runs against any further changes in registration he may fall back into his myopic and faltering ways, but he will pay dearly for it next summer; for the word quickly goes out that he is all wet and his stuff is rotten, if he is and it is. When he slumps down in his chair and allows frequent hesitating "uhs" to impede his own or the thoughts of his students, as the blind alleys of the world below are said to impede lost souls, these keenly observing students are prompt to make the discovery and report it as warning to others.

These students are not driven to summer school, as they themselves testify by the way they work, by despotic school boards back in Middletown, as the critics so often contend, although those educational governors may now and then seize their numerous opportunities to practice petty tyranny in other directions. The summer session does not afford them the machinery for one of their tyrannies. True, better salaries are paid in many if not all American states to those who hold the higher teaching certificates, and these may be had generally through further study by the teachers. But most of these summer school students appear honestly eager to improve themselves professionally and technically in order to do their work better. They look upon the summer session and welcome it as an opportunity for cultural growth and intellectual refreshment. Through it they hear of new books and catch from the masters of those who know fresh thoughts which may illumine and inspirit their own lives, whether the critics believe it or not. They take back to the provinces the most modish pedagogical words and phrases and help to make these current. From now on, their conversation is likely to be more decorative than formerly. They have the words, as Mark Twain said to his wife, even if they don't have the tune, and this they are sooner or later to pick up and carry creditably if not always with distinction.

The summer school experience is highly civilizing, and this process goes on quite as effectively outside as inside the class rooms. The typical summer school student acquires important knowledge and builds useful habits and perhaps some character, in manifold ways. He soon learns to be thrifty with his time and money and to watch his conversation. In New York he is forced to match his wits with all kinds and conditions of men. He is hurled into the swim of things. For six weeks he struggles to keep up with what goes on in the world in an honest effort to keep his part of it going right. He is interested in the present scene.

Those who carefully observe the summer season, as students or teachers, are no longer in doubt as to its educational and cultural values or of the abilities and purposes of those who attend it. This most effective of all the educational arrangements yet designed in this country would be amply justified if it did no more than rid the students who attend it of the academic whoopee they became afflicted with in the regular semesters of alma mater. Not only is it an agency of educational respectability but those who patronize it have standing to speak of. Few students anywhere else show such desire for excellence and respect for thoroughness or such capacity for sustained effort as those who light their tapers every year at this central flame. They seem to be healthily alive to the problems of their work back in Middletown and their maturity and professional experience unite with the patience of their instructors to bring their academic achievements up to a creditable level.

Here is an enterprise in American life, then, that touches the school at scores of vital points. Few are the communities into which its appeal and influence have not penetrated, for nowhere else is American education subjected to such close scrutiny as in the summer school. Let the critics and ill wishers adjourn it, if they will, and they will see how surely catastrophe would then catch up with American civilization.



A few of Columbia's 14,000 summer students

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The Trend of Events

Some Spruce, etc.

EARLY in July, A. C. Dutton of Poughkeepsie, New York, imported some spruce from Russia. The Treasury Department became suspicious that it had been produced by convict labor and, under the law forbidding the importation of goods so produced, moved to prevent its entry. Representatives of Mr. Dutton, of the Amtorg Trading Corporation and of the International Paper Company then appeared at hearings before Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Lowman. Eventually, Mr. Lowman accepted their denials that the spruce had been produced by convict labor and Russian spruce has been admitted ever since.

Soon afterward a protest against the admission of convict-made goods was lodged with the Treasury Department by the Wage Earners' Protective Conference, made up of unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor and headed by Matthew Woll, A. F. of L. vice-president. The next step was Mr. Lowman's July 25 order to Collectors of Customs to prevent the entry of Russian pulpwood, heavily imported by the International Paper Company. Mr. Lowman was satisfied that forced labor had been employed in preparing the pulpwood for shipment.

The July 25 order set off a series of verbal explosions which rocked American trade circles. On the day Mr. Lowman issued it, the American Manganese Producers' Association announced that it would appeal to Washington for an embargo on Russian manganese. Russia, it asserted, employing conscript labor, was wrecking the American manganese industry by dumping its product in the American market. Officials of the Amtorg replied that the forced labor and the dumping were both imaginary and that the Russian product was superior to the American, of which, incidentally, there was not enough for the principal American consumers, the Bethlehem Steel Company and the United States Steel Corporation.

Then, in the face of warnings by Foreign Commissar Litvinof, of Russia, that, if America would not buy Russia's goods, Russia would not buy America's, Mr. Lowman declared that he would investigate Russian manganese, coal and timber shipments to see whether they should be embargoed also.

Such proceedings were too slow for Mr. Woll, who, speaking for his Protective Conference, came out squarely for an embargo on all Russian exports to the United States. He—who so hotly denounces Communist manœuvres against American institutions—thought that, among other things, this plan might help Russian workers to free themselves from Communist dictatorship. Did not the new tariff law exclude all goods produced by forced labor? Then exclude all goods from Russia, suggested Mr. Woll, since "the entire Soviet economic system is based wholly or in part upon convict, forced or indentured labor."

Harris & Ewing

WOULD BAN SOVIET GOODS
Matthew Woll, head of America's Wage Earners' Protective Conference

On Second Thought

MR. WOLL'S STATEMENT reached a high point of foolishness. Perhaps a later statement by Mr. Lowman reached an even higher one, though it has been obscured by denials and denials of denials. Mr. Lowman was quoted as saying that Russia is attempting to injure our industry by flooding us with convict-made goods. That, if we don't watch out, "we will soon find our markets flooded by convict-made articles, with our own factories closed and our streets filled with the unemployed. We are facing what amounts to a declaration of war."

At about this time, President Hoover stepped in, sensibly deciding that this madness had gone far enough. "An authoritative source at the White House" disclosed that the Government had not discriminated and would not discriminate against goods from Russia. Dumping was contrary to American laws, and would not be allowed. Convict-made goods would not be admitted to American ports. But these provisions would apply, not only against Russia, but against all countries alike. Mr. Woll's suggestion that all Russian labor be regarded as forced labor, would, presumably, be forgotten.

The presidential frown may have made Mr. Lowman uneasy. At any rate, the testimony of Amtorg and International Paper Company representatives soon convinced him that his embargo on pulpwood was ill advised. As he put it, "the evidence adduced was conflicting and inconclusive, and has not been found to be sufficient to establish the fact that the pulpwood was produced by convict labor."

Thus, imposing obstacles frantically thrown in the way of Russian-American trade have now been removed. It is not likely that embargoes will be imposed on other Russian exports to America, unless the evidence of forced labor is clinching. The United States can go on selling Russia far more than it buys from her, can continue to take advantage of the rapidly expanding Russian markets. Probably the recent excitement over "convict-made" Russian goods would have been less widespread had it not been for the Communist investigation concurrently conducted by the Fish committee, with all its flogging of old hatreds and fears. Perhaps this explains why some people listened when Mr. Woll proposed that we declare a general embargo against Russian exports and cut off our nose to spite our face.

Cruise to Nowhere

ALL IN ALL, the Cruise to Nowhere appears to have been a success. Some returning passengers described the trip as an adventure in tranquillity—an in-

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terlude of meditation, religious services and high thought. Others were more candid, reporting that a merry time was had by all.

The Cruise to Nowhere, in case you haven't heard, was a six-day voyage

Keystone

CANADIAN CONSERVATIVE
Richard Bedford Bennett, leader of winning party in recent elections

here and there on the Atlantic Ocean in a transatlantic liner, planned for Americans who lacked the time or money to go to Europe. Once past the prohibition limit, the ship steamed idly toward Halifax, where the passengers went ashore for a brief sight-seeing trip. Otherwise, they relaxed, watched the horizon, walked the deck, read murder mysteries, drank what and when they wished and enjoyed the delicious, care-free sense of suspended existence which only ocean travelers know. Contrary to some expectations, the voyage does not seem to have developed into an orgy. Receipts of the ship's bar, as reported, were by no means excessive. And for the best reason in the world. When liquor is accessible and of good quality, the chances are that the average person will not misuse it.

The Cruise to Nowhere idea should be kept in mind. Before headlines announce that the Eighteenth Amendment has been repealed, before champagne appears on chain-grocery-store shelves, this idea will come in handy. There will be young Americans who have never tasted good liquor and who will have neither palate for it nor patience with it—a generation which will be awkward at drinking openly, which may even pour whiskey or straight alcohol into good wine to get the familiar ill effects. Let these children of prohibition be gathered into groups and sent—at government expense, if necessary—on Cruises to Nowhere. There, between sea and sky, let them have opportunity to develop a civilized attitude toward drinking. Let them learn to drink moderately, appreciatively and with taste.

▶▶*Election in Canada*

When Canada went to the polls on July 28, there were 123 Liberals and 90 Conservatives in the House of Commons. When Canada came back from the polls, there were 86 Liberals and 137 Conservatives in the House of Commons. In other words, a smashing Conservative victory.

Fundamentally, it was a hard-times election, with the customary result—the ins suddenly became outs, the outs ins. This angle must impress itself painfully on Republicans in the United States, who, like the Liberals in Canada, have been ins for the past decade. Conditions in Canada parallel conditions here. Unemployment is widespread, agriculture depressed, industry inactive. The Liberals could correct such conditions in Canada no more than the Republicans can correct them in the United States. Hence, the former suffered in July as the latter may suffer this fall.

Unquestionably, the Conservative victory was a blow at the empire free trade plan, which would place a high tariff wall around but remove tariff walls within the British Empire. Premier King, Canadian Liberal, regarded this plan sympathetically and sponsored tariff rates designed to accord preference to exports from other parts of the Empire at the expense of exports from foreign nations, including the United States. While R. B. Bennett, the new Conservative Premier, does not reject these rates entirely, he endorses them only when they confer plain benefits on Canada. His policy involves sky-high tariff walls against foreign countries and the Empire as well.

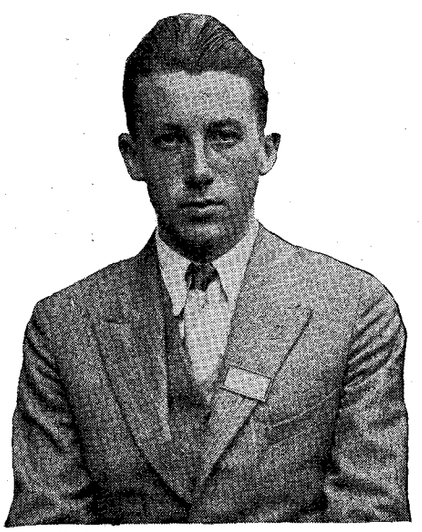
Our own skyscraping Hawley-Smoot law, with its increased taxes on imports from Canada, helps to explain Mr. Bennett's triumph. Canada, angered by the Hawley-Smoot law, was not content with Premier King's countervailing duties against American products, duties which in effect take an eye for an eye. Instead, it applauded Mr. Bennett when he demanded an eye for an eye and then an arm for good measure. To a large extent, then, we can blame our own tariff law when Canada raises its tariffs against imports from the United States, amounting to $70,000,000 in the month of May alone.

Doubtless many American firms will evade the new Canadian duties by establishing branch plants in Canada. This may relieve unemployment in Canada not a little. Naturally, it will relieve unemployment in our own country not a bit.

▶▶*Brightest Boy*

Arthur O. Williams, Jr., scored for the founding fathers in winning Thomas Edison's four-year, all-expense college scholarship. Seventeen and freckled, Arthur went to the final examinations at West Orange, New Jersey, from Providence, Rhode Island, a city and a state founded three centuries ago by his ancestor, Roger Williams.

The first Edison contest was won last year by Wilbur Huston, of Seattle, son of a Protestant Episcopal Bishop. But Arthur won hands down, while Wilbur's margin was so narrow that Mr. Edison granted four tuition scholarships to the runners-up. Arthur's average was 91.1 on the entire examination and 92.7 on



Wide World

LED ALL THE REST
Arthur O. Williams, Jr., winner of the Edison examination

the technical questions all about microfarad and Avogadro's hypothesis. The judges placed him in a class above the other boys. Mr. Edison said his answers surpassed those gathered by the New York *Herald Tribune* from scien-

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tists, philosophers and major generals.

Son of a chief clerk in a gas company, Arthur had saved money to enter Brown University, but now he will probably study at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the school selected by Huston. There physics will be his field, scientific achievement his ambition, Einstein repercussion his chief interest. First attracted to technical worlds by a course in general science, Arthur has set up chemical apparatus in his home, played around with old X-ray tubes and made stage lighting his hobby. His favorite poet is Browning and his high school valedictory address bears the title "Literature."

Arthur's face is ruddy, his eyes hazel blue, his expression frank and serious. His dark brown hair is sleeked into a pompadour, but nevertheless he does not dance. He is a well built youth, five feet eight inches tall, but he has no time for school athletics, although he fences, swims and sails his 15-foot skiff. Altogether, he seems quite a chap. It is not surprising that he could answer questions about Leonardo da Vinci and the League of Nations, Pithecanthropus erectus and the London naval conference. Arthur might even have an answer to that jocular old classroom nutcracker: "If a stream is flowing at a speed of 2.034 miles an hour and a boat which is proceeding upstream at 4.762 miles an hour, stops at a wharf and whistles twice, what is the name of the captain?"

▶▶Ma's Come-Back

How Farmer Jim Ferguson was impeached as Governor of Texas, how his goodwife, Ma, ran for Governor to "vindicate" him in 1924, how she was nominated and elected—that is a well-known story. Equally well known is the story of what happened after Ma got in—the scandals under her administration, which was really Jim's, the mad passing out of pardons to criminals, and all the rest of it. Texas had had enough when young Dan Moody, then Attorney General, decided to oppose Mrs. Ferguson in her race for renomination. Moody defeated Ma by a whacking majority, and that, every one agreed, was the end of the Fergusons.

But it wasn't. When the Texas Supreme Court ruled that Husband Jim was still ineligible for public office because of his impeachment, Ma determined to "vindicate" him again. Texas apparently approves. At any rate, in the Democratic primary of July 26, Ma gained a lead of more than 60,000 over the nearest of her ten competitors, who was Ross S. Sterling, Houston publisher and Governor Moody's Road Commissioner.

Pro-Smith Democrats rejoice to note that State Senator Love, chief of the Texas Hoovercrats in 1928, ran fourth on July 26. On the other hand, James Young, who led the fight for Smith, ran fifth. But the important thing is not the defeat of these men, for Texas Hoovercrats are obviously back in the fold and the Democratic revolt is over. The important thing is the vote for Ma. Doubtless many of her votes were really cast for Jim, who is always strong in the hinterlands. Some of them may have been protest votes against Mr. Sterling's plan for a $300,000,000 road bond issue. But not a few of them must have been cast because Mrs. Ferguson is a woman and a "vindicating" one at that. Strange indeed, sometimes, are the ways of an electorate, and soft its sentiments.

Underwood

"VINDICATING" AGAIN

Mrs. Miriam A. Ferguson, candidate for Governor of Texas

Since Mrs. Ferguson failed to win a majority on July 26, she is now preparing to face Mr. Sterling in a run-off primary on August 23. The victor will be the next Governor, since the Republican party in Texas, after its victory of 1928, is again inconsequential. Before the end of this month, then, we shall see whether Texas actually wants the Fergusons back. Certainly if it re-elects Ma it will deserve everything that may happen to it.

▶▶Mr. Hoover Runs a Risk

It is usually bad business for a President to endorse one candidate in his party at the expense of another. All Presidents do it to some extent, but if they are wise they don't do it often and don't often do it openly. The dangers are, first, that they will stir up hostility to themselves within the party, and secondly, that if the candidates they endorse are defeated their own prestige as a natural result will suffer accordingly.

Mr. Hoover, who has been around Washington a good many years, knows this as well as any one else. Nevertheless, he has run the risk of endorsing the candidacy of B. Carroll Reece, aspirant for renomination to Congress in the First Tennessee District. During the recent session of Congress, aided by the regular Republican leaders in the House, Representative Reece blocked Senator Norris' plan, passed by the Senate, for government operation of Muscle Shoals. Mr. Reece sponsored a bill for private operation, which was passed by the House of Representatives. Senate and House had failed to reconcile their views on this question when Congress adjourned.

Congressman Reece's record on Muscle Shoals has been hotly attacked by his opponent for the Republican nomination, Samuel W. Price. Mr. Price favors the Norris plan and declares that he is fighting "the battle of human rights against predatory interests." Mr. Reece replies that the Norris bill is a "Bolshevik scheme framed in Moscow." With this general position Mr. Hoover agrees, and has so said. "The House plan," he wrote to Mr. Reece, "will secure development of this great resource more effectively and more greatly in the interests of Tennessee than would the Senate plan. I am assured that the Senate plan cannot be passed in the House. Nor would I approve the plan, because it is not in the interest of Tennessee or the rest of the nation."

In short, then, Mr. Hoover favors private, rather than government, operation at Muscle Shoals. But, while he applauds Mr. Reece's denunciation of the Norris bill, he himself says nothing about a "Bolshevik scheme framed in Moscow." Neither does he dismiss the Norris bill as Socialistic. Mr. Hoover is probably not condemning Socialism very loudly these days, what with his own Socialistic farm-relief program.

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▶▶*At Williamstown*

THREE HUNDRED American and foreign statesmen, educators and other shapers of public opinion met at Williamstown, Massachusetts, on July 31 to attend the tenth session of the Institute of Politics. This year, as always, the Institute's policy is to bring out the facts in important international situations as well as the various opinions based upon them. Previous discussions at the Institute have often emphasized the losses to civilization through international discord. This year the emphasis is laid on the economic and other advantages of international co-operation.

Three subjects stood out from the list, which, announced before the opening of the session, ranged from French armaments to conflicting interests in the Antarctic. They were the attempt, led by Professor Burns of Glasgow University, to evaluate the machine age and discover the underlying objectives of modern life; the conference on "India and Nationalism," led by Lord Meston of Agra and Dunottar, former Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces of India, and the discussion on disarmaments, with round-table debates led by Admiral Hepburn of the United States Fleet and lectures by Admiral Richmond and Lord Eustace Percy of Britain.

Last week the discussions were confined to the general conference conducted by Ivy Lee, best known as the Rockefeller publicity agent, on "Russia, Her Foreign and Domestic Problems." They proved one-sided, with such speakers as Peter Bogdanov, head of the Amtorg, Harold Kellock of the Soviet Information Bureau in Washington, Hugh Cooper, American engineer building a huge hydro-electric development on the Dnieper River, Paul D. Cravath, international lawyer, and Carl Bickel, president of the United Press, painting conditions in Russia in complimentary terms or favoring recognition by the United States.

The one exception was Paul Scheffer, formerly Moscow correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt,* who declared that forced labor was widespread in Russia, questioned the degree to which Communism has succeeded among the peasants, spoke of discrimination in the schools against children of the bourgeoisie and denied that the United States had nothing to fear from Communist propaganda. Though in the main we do not share Mr. Scheffer's viewpoint, it is only fair to say that it should have been more adequately represented at Williamstown. If it had been, if Mr. Scheffer had not been obliged to conduct a one-man fight, he might have won less applause and sympathy from his listeners.

▶▶*Flight of the R-100*

BRITAIN'S R-100, world's largest and fastest dirigible, rode to an unimpressive record on her maiden voyage across the Atlantic. The R-100 sped the 3,364 miles from Cardington, England, to Montreal, Canada, in about 79 hours, two hours less than the record made by the Los Angeles in 1924. But the Los Angeles, then the ZR-3 under command of Dr. Hugo Eckener, covered 5,060 miles and averaged nearly 20 miles more an hour than did the R-100.

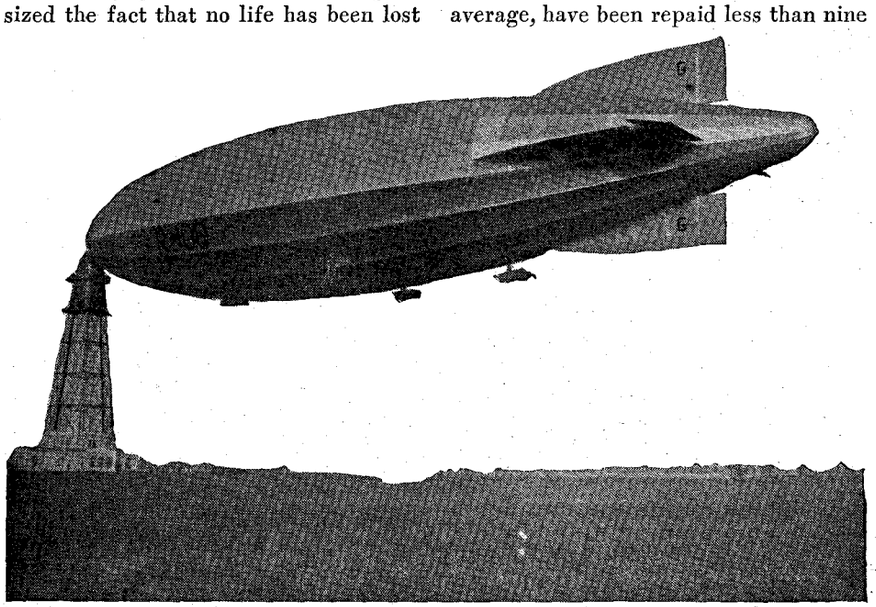
The British ship would have made much better time but for the storms which struck her and damaged her fins over the American continent. It is interesting to note that Colonel Lindbergh flew from New York to Paris in less time than the R-100 spent in passing from the Straits of Belle Isle, north of Newfoundland, to Canada's new $750,000 mooring mast at Montreal. More significant was the British dirigible's easy rise over the Newfoundland fog banks, graveyard of westward-flying planes, and her staying aloft when crippled by the winds of the St. Lawrence Valley.

The R-100 mishap recalled a similar accident to the Graf Zeppelin on her maiden voyage in 1928 and re-emphasized the fact that no life has been lost in dirigible flights over the Atlantic. Nor were the three passengers, five officers and crew of thirty-two on the R-100 ever in danger of running out of fuel, ballast or water. They landed with five of the thirty tons of fuel oil unused, and picked up ballast and drinking water in the rain clouds over the Atlantic.

Altogether, the flight closed more happily than many Britons had predicted. Britons have been skeptical of the dirigibles and especially of the R-100, a short, stout and non-rigid craft, quite dissimilar to the Graf. They looked at the flight as an experiment in their dream of a great empire linked by air lines—England to Canada, England to South Africa, and England to Australia. The R-100 has shown, as the Graf showed half a dozen times, that such lines are possible, though probably not commercially practicable, over water as well as over land, if speed is sacrificed to safety. But, with safety the primary consideration, neither the R-100 nor the Graf nor the Los Angeles had shown sufficient speed to warrant any definite, widespread talk of forsaking steamships for dirigibles.

▶▶*Bankruptcies*

WHEN PRESIDENT HOOVER authorized a Federal bankruptcy investigation, he made a commendable approach to a perplexing problem. American creditors have lost $3,814,363,440 through bankruptcies in the past five years. Thus, the annual drain has exceeded three-quarters of a billion, while creditors, on the average, have been repaid less than nine



Keystone

AT EASE
The R-100 hitched to the 110-foot mooring mast at Montreal

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cents on the dollar. That the situation is aggravated by debtors and lawyers who slip millions through loopholes in ancient bankruptcy laws was indicated by an inquiry conducted in New York City last year by the United States District Court.

President Hoover ordered his "exhaustive investigation" to determine whether conditions in New York are common throughout the nation. The investigators, staff men from the Departments of Justice and Commerce, directed by Solicitor General Thacher, are to comb through ten or more cities. If the New York conditions are approximated elsewhere, Mr. Thacher is to propose to Congress reforms in the bankruptcy law and practice.

Before his appointment as Solicitor General, Mr. Thacher, as a Federal judge, presided over the New York inquiry, which involved 4,000 witnesses and 1,000 court files, disclosed an intricate system of corrupt bankruptcy mills, and brought about the disbarring of several lawyers. The New York investigation seems but a first step to Mr. Thacher, who is forty-nine, vigorous and liberal. He recognizes that the Federal bankruptcy law has been changed but little since its enactment in 1898. He does not admire the American practice by which, as he says, "we examine a bankrupt in private, we discharge in private, give him a slap on the back and tell him to go to it again."

Solicitor General Thacher sees many advantages in the English and Canadian system of refusing to discharge a bankrupt until he has paid his liabilities in full. However, he awaits more facts before requesting the needed congressional action. He expects to secure these facts immediately and to submit whatever recommendations they may justify next winter. That done, it will be up to Congress to write the recommendations into law.

▶▶ *Tires at Gas Stations*

FORWARD with a new scheme come oil company executives, who many a night toss wakefully thinking up ways to keep America rolling, ever rolling, on wheels. Filling stations operated by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey and four affiliated companies through the East, the Southeast and Canada will sell tires. More, they will sell tires at cut rates, thus offsetting the competition of garages. To offset the competition of mail order houses, which do a brisk tire business in rural sections, filling stations will place tires on rims free, besides giving liberal guarantees of free repair service and generous refunds in case of breakdowns. To offset any other competition possible, they will give repair-service-on-the-spot and make fixed-charge repairs, repairs with a smile, repairs with a flourish. What more do you want?

Do you, perhaps, want repairs with a hot dog and a bottle of pop? You will have them, if you haven't them now. Last summer one Standard Oil Company joined forces with a food products corporation to build refreshment stands at its filling stations in four eastern states. The idea undoubtedly will spread. Would you like to have anything else for sale at your filling stations? Antiques, perhaps? Collie pups? Home-grown vegetables? Or broilers or guinea pigs or fresh-cut flowers or a night's lodging?

Be patient. The time will doubtless come when a roadside filling station will be more than a mere garage and restaurant. It will include a hotel and every variety of shop. Gas and oil must be sold. Overhead expenses must be kept down so that gas and oil can be sold cheaply. There must be no conceivable reason why all the cars in the country should not be on all the roads all the time. Perhaps, when filling stations expand so that they touch one another and line the roads solidly on both sides, they will sell picture postcards too. To remind you that behind them there's some scenery.

Remarkable Remarks

An act of Congress has small jurisdiction over what men think. —CALVIN COOLIDGE.

There is no such thing as overproduction.—HENRY FORD.

If the Federal Government would stop the distillation and importation of liquor there would be no local prohibition problem.—MAYOR JAMES J. WALKER.

The cocktail has transferred the field of alcoholism from the old ravages of the demon rum in the lower ranks of society to the disintegration of the highest intellectual and social classes.—PROFESSOR EMILE SERGENT.

Society is all right for lazy people, but persons who have brains can think of more important things to do than staying out most of the night dancing.—BILLY MARSH, JR. (AET. 11).

I like brunettes, plump ones . . . But then blondes are not so bad. Especially plump ones.—ZARO AGHA (AET. 156).

There is a biological difference between the sexes, and all the controversy in the world never gets beyond that point.—RONALD COLMAN.

Marriage, incidentally, is rarely a mutual admiration society.—KATHLEEN NORRIS.

Who can read the heart of a woman?—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

▶▶ *Columnist Candidate*

CONGRATULATIONS and good wishes to Heywood Broun, columnist, novelist and critic, on his entry into national politics. Mr. Broun will be a candidate for Congress on the Socialist ticket in New York's Seventeenth—or so-called "silk-stocking"—District, running from Central Park down to Fourteenth Street, Manhattan.

An ordinary candidate out for Congress as a Socialist in this district would be in the same boat as a red-hot Republican out for Governor in Mississippi. But Mr. Broun is not an ordinary candidate. Though he may lack the ordinary candidate's practical political experience, he has twelve times as much character and brains. He may not run ahead of his rivals, Representative Ruth Pratt, Republican, and Magistrate Brodsky, Democrat. But he will make both of them realize that they have been in a race, and, well known and widely admired as he is, he may garner more votes than even he expects. If the country is going to elect only one or two Socialist Congressmen this year—and probably it is not going to elect any more than that—it might well choose Mr. Broun and Norman Thomas, both of whom are in the field in New York, and both of whom would lift the mental level of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Broun starts his campaign with an unorthodox mid-summer statement on what he says will be his constant theme, unemployment. It indicates what he may do after he gets well warmed up. "By now," he declares, "voters ought to know that the only difference between a Republican and a Democrat is that one is in office and the other wants to be. Mr. Hoover's record of doing absolutely nothing for unemployment is precisely the same as that of Mayor

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Underwood

RUNS AS SOCIALIST
Heywood Broun, candidate for Congress in Seventeenth New York District

Walker. Indeed, so cruel has been the attitude of the major parties in regard to the jobless that they weren't even willing to have the subject mentioned. People were supposed to starve discreetly and in silence." Mayor Walker's slogan, says Mr. Broun, seemed to be "No snow, no work." As for President Hoover, "everybody knows that when the people asked him for bread he gave them proclamations. Perhaps they would have done better if they had pretended they were Belgians."

Democrat or Republican, you must admit that this is not half bad campaigning. Democrat or Republican, you will enjoy and profit by keeping an eye on Mr. Broun's candidacy this fall.

▶▶*Diplomatic Liquor*

Badgered by fanatical prohibitionists, Sir Esme Howard, then Ambassador to the United States, decided to import no more liquor for use at the British Embassy. Now the attack has shifted to his successor, Sir Ronald Lindsay.

Samuel B. Woods, dust-dry former Mayor of Charlottesville, Virginia, has written to Sir Ronald as follows: "You have been willing to take advantage of a technicality and of the immunity of your office to do yourself what would be a crime for a citizen of the United States to do. Whether you intend it or not, you show disrespect for the Constitution and contempt for the laws of our nation. . . . You are wounding and estranging England's best friends, and delighting those who seem by nature to be her enemies, the foreigners and near-foreigners in our midst and the wet politicians seeking their votes."

If Sir Ronald is impressed by this steaming letter he shows no signs of it. Sir Esme's decision was a personal one, made near the end of his term with the understanding that it was not to bind his successor. Nor did it. Neither did it dry up the embassy, as some people seem to believe. Though Sir Esme signed no more permits allowing trucks of imported wet goods to lumber into Washington from Baltimore, there were ample supplies in the embassy cellar. Possibly these were exhausted by the time Sir Ronald reached Washington. At any rate, a consignment of liquor arrived there soon after he did.

This seems to have infuriated Mr. Woods and other drys of his calibre. Somehow it distresses them more when a few gallons of good liquor are consumed by foreign diplomats than when floods of bad liquor are consumed by American citizens. Their clamor might subside if Sir Ronald, instead of importing sound European wines and liquors, would only content himself with American products like bathtub gin, red ink, needled beer and ginger jake.

We advise Ambassador Lindsay not to take our hot-headed drys too seriously. Americans in general have no feeling about diplomatic liquor save a mild one of envy. While Mr. Woods declares that most Americans believe in prohibition, present-day tests such as the *Literary Digest* poll indicate that, on the contrary, most of them are now sick of prohibition and anxious to be rid of it.

▶▶*Aims Under Prohibition*

Amos W. Woodcock, new prohibition director, has evolved a pretty little plan to enforce the dry laws "fairly, honestly, earnestly and lawfully." The twelve prohibition administrators—each in charge of one of the country's twelve administrative districts—will be held responsible for conditions in their respective territories. Each must be "an outstanding man of vision, integrity and administrative ability."

Under the district administrators are deputy administrators, in command of the two thousand investigators and agents, whose number is to be increased by about twenty-five per cent. Each deputy administrator must send a daily report to the administrator of his district and to Washington. As for the investigators and agents, Mr. Woodcock thinks that much of the criticism of prohibition is attributable to their blunders and misconduct, attributable in turn to lack of training and a wrong system of selection. Desiring to make his agents "the best trained body of detectives in the world," he will send them to schools taught by specially prepared instructors.

These schools will tell agents how to understand the law, to gather evidence, to act like gentlemen and "to use their brains rather than their brawn." Once the agents get to be models of integrity, intelligence and behavior, Mr. Woodcock hopes to persuade state and local communities to assume their share of the burden of enforcement. Here the administrator will help by establishing friendly relations with state police, prosecutors and other officials. Then Mr. Woodcock will establish a bureau to investigate and publish reports on the consumption of alcoholic liquor. The reports will not be propaganda but truth —or so he says. Finally, he will direct his efforts, not against picayunish cases, but against large-scale commercial violations.

All of which might have been interesting ten years ago. Today it comes too late. The primary aim now is not how to enforce prohibition decently, effectively, and in popular fashion, for that can't be done. Today the aim is to get rid of prohibition and substitute something that will work.

We, therefore, attach less importance to Mr. Woodcock's reorganization than,

Harris & Ewing

HAS NEW IDEAS
A. W. Woodcock, Director of the Bureau of Prohibition in Justice Department

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for example, to a recent news item little noted outside Pennsylvania. It declares that members of the Pennsylvania Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform—most of them staunch Republicans—will oppose the dry Republican candidate for Governor, Gifford Pinchot, and support the wet Democrat, John M. Hemphill. If today's aim is, as we think it is, how to get rid of prohibition—that's how. Forget your party affiliations. Vote wet.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE HOPE that those eminent flag and hand shakers, the brash "Ham" Fish and the boutonniered Grover A. Whalen, are pleased with the current results of their red-baiting. Though we doubt if they appreciate it, they, together with the slow-witted Seymour Lowman, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, have been responsible for our Government's commission of a major blunder of international import. We refer to the abortive embargo which Mr. Lowman placed upon importation of Soviet pulpwood, and the Treasury's admission that it sought an excuse for even more elaborate injunctions against trade with Russia. The whole incident illustrates what a mess can be made of great affairs when they are entrusted to or taken over by a rural Congressman and an ex-policeman who share a sense for publicity, and a Government official whose chief qualification for office was the high esteem in which he was held by the New York State branch of the Anti-Saloon League.

It is, we think, rather amusing that the great industrial interests seeking commercial isolation of Russia should have to depend upon such futile figures for execution of their grandiose program. They have, we find, played their cards so slickly but so wretchedly that they stand to lose a large stack of chips to those international industrialists who find it profitable to trade with Russia without questioning the character of the Moscow government.

Now we hear that Mr. Lowman is not long for public life because of the derision his series of mistakes has heaped upon the Administration. Mr. Whalen has already turned in his commissioner's badge. Mr. Fish, we happen to know, has tossed away all chance of political advancement, since he has antagonized many racial elements which the New York G.O.P. woos at election time. There will be no nomination for Governor or Senator for "Ham."

We doubt if the public has any idea of the silly and selfish origin of Mr. Fish's "red" hunt and the attempt to make his discoveries a basis for an embargo on Russian goods. It forms a backstage—or backstairs—chapter of commercial and political diplomacy worthy of a dime novel.

Mr. Fish, in Washington's opinion, craves headlines more than any of his colleagues, and his pet paper is the New York *Times*. He scans it with commercial eye each morning, and if he discovers that the *Times* has embarked upon one of its bloodless crusades, he immediately leaps into the House well with a supporting speech or resolution. In any event, his demand for an investigation of communistic propaganda in the United States, as have similar proposals of his, followed stories on this subject in the *Times*. But House leaders laughed at his suggestion, as is their wont, until Mr. Whalen appeared on the scene with "red" propaganda alleged to have been seized by his bomb squad on the East Side, but which were subsequently shown to be undoubted forgeries.

Herald Tribune

A bad reflection on her housekeeping

Mr. Whalen's rescue act saved the Fish resolution from the legislative dustheap, since Messrs. Longworth, Snell and Tilson accepted it as conclusive. At this point, we imagine, interests which have the ear of the House bosses suggested that they would welcome an inquiry into the Amtorg, the Soviet trading corporation, and the hue and cry was on.

Mr. Lowman next did his stuff by banning pulpwood. He thought, and so did his superiors, that he was making an economic and political ten-strike which would appeal to influential industrial interests and to the American workingman. So sure of his position was he that he declined to disclose his evidence that the pulpwood was produced by convict labor, but he maintained it would hold up in court against the lawsuits that threatened to pile up.

In view of the success with which the anti-Soviet game was being played, there came demands for similar embargoes on Russian lumber, anthracite and manganese, and Matthew Woll, third vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, asked for a ban on all Soviet commodities. The three-man skirmish against Moscow had now assumed the proportions of a general engagement, and the reserves grew bold enough to take the field. Even Secretary Mellon, in a letter begging lumber interests for evidence that this product was convict-made, emerged and stood alongside Corporals Fish, Whalen and Lowman.

It was, we think, unfortunate that Mr. Mellon chose this moment to assume command, for the collapse came simultaneously. It was discovered, though Mr. Lowman did not admit it, that his evidence consisted of no more than affidavits from escaped Russian prisoners working in forests 1,200 miles distant from the pulpwood territory, and he conceded its "insufficiency." William Green, spokesman for organized labor, repudiated Mr. Woll. George Rublee, who once served as Dwight Morrow's adviser at Mexico, turned up as counsel for domestic pulpwood importers, and influential though conservative New York law firms showed themselves willing to accept both legal fees and lumber from the hated Soviet. Then began what Washington is amused to call "the retreat from Moscow."

A. F. C.

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The "Red" Menace

DESPITE all the recent furore over our relations with Russia, the ordinary American still remains calm and able to sleep at night. Except in the eyes of Messrs. Whalen, Fish, Woll, et al., the "Red" menace still appears to be confined to a few thousand youthful radicals, mostly foreign born, the majority of whom make what trouble they can in the New York needle trades, and meanwhile congregate now and then in the hot sunshine of Union Square.

Unquestionably, Moscow is paying out money to keep these Communists alive in this country. Undoubtedly, the Third International is paying out money to finance "subversive" propaganda in Detroit factories and elsewhere. Yet, even when every word of the Soviet government itself is cabled to this country and printed on the front pages of the newspapers, subversive propaganda somehow seems innocuous. And when, after ten years, the Communist party membership remains what it was in the beginning—around 7,000—the impression in the ordinary American's mind is that Stalin and Company are being well played on the end of somebody's fish line. When will their enthusiasm for the world revolution abate sufficiently to allow them to discover that fact? Probably not so long as excitables like Matthew Woll declare in the public prints that "Russian Communism has thrown down the challenge to American labor, and American labor has accepted the challenge."

AS A matter of fact, such statements just now are probably worth their weight in gold to the Soviet government. One of the Soviet's most valuable arguments to the disaffected in Russia is that Russia's enemies are trying to tear her down. In no other way can enthusiasm for the world revolution so easily be kept alive and time gained in which to allow the government to carry out its five year plan for the industrialization of the country. And time is necessary. It is a huge job on which the Soviets are engaged and one that allows little real opportunity for upsetting other people's governments. Factory production, lumbering and mining are making some appreciable headway in certain lines and localities, but the farmers' collectives are just beginning to function and the results of the recent harvest are even now a matter of argument in thousands of Russian villages. Patriotic enthusiasm for the great Communistic experiment must be kept burning if the experiment is to continue with any prospect of success.

AND, meanwhile, goods must be purchased and industrial aid sought in capitalistic countries while Russia's surplus products are marketed somewhere, regardless of political beliefs. Hence the shipments of manganese to our steel mills—which cannot secure enough of that ore in this country—and of such raw materials as coal and pulpwood. Hence the purchase by the Amtorg so far this year of over $70,000,000 worth of machinery from our great industrial corporations. Hence the rise in our export trade to Russia to nearly $140,000,000 last year. Communism has been unable to carry out its experiment without trading with capitalistic countries. It has been forced to modify its original plan and to compromise with reality. It has been forced to import both foreign machinery and foreign engineers. So clear is this fact that it is hard to escape the conclusion that, for the present, Communism in Russia has far more to fear from the peaceful penetration of capitalistic ideas than other countries have to fear from the revolutionary ideas of the Third International. In fact, it is only necessary to consider how Americans would feel were the situation reversed to realize how absurd are any immediate fears on our part.

JUST one bogey of any size remains: the future. Let us be clear about that. Theoretically the success of the Russian experiment will mean a life and death struggle between Communism and capitalism. This might not necessarily come in the form of a trial by arms, nor in the form of a struggle between political beliefs. But it most certainly would come in the form of an industrial and economic struggle for world markets and, short of a Chinese wall, for home markets. It would be decided in the end, regardless of tariff wars, by the economic superiority of one system over the other. Ironically enough, in order to free the "worker" at low cost, the Soviet made the worker the employee of the state; casting out the boss in the form of the small employer, it finds him risen huger than ever in the form of the Soviet itself. Will the theoretical struggle between the state and the various capitalistic combinations result in victory for one side? Or will events so modify both systems that a compromise will be the order of a future day? As yet, nobody can give the answer.

ALL that Americans need to keep in mind is the fact that trading with Russia at present must be done solely with the economic interests of America in view. So far, we are merely selling goods to and making money trading with a man who may be so successful that we will be forced to copy his production methods. True, the day may come when he will be strong enough to try to upset our social order and force his political beliefs upon us. But a reasonable diligence and good sense upon our part should take care of that emergency, should it ever arise. Meanwhile, let us keep economics and politics separate, even if the Russians, in their enthusiasm, sometimes forget to do so. To send a good customer elsewhere because one does not like his political ideas or the way he runs his house, is a folly no good business man commits. To put it bluntly, is it worth $140,000,000 a year temporarily to get rid of some pamphlets, some foreign agitators, and an occasional red demonstration in our city squares? Is our economic and political order as shaky as that? We do not believe so.

The Editors

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Booze in Texas

By EDWARD ANGLY

WHEN I was growing up in Palestine, Texas, under the civilizing influence of a glass of claret with the midday and evening meals, our town was the only legally wet area in the whole eastern portion of the state. Local option elections had driven the saloons out of all other towns and counties within a radius of seventy-five miles or more. Almost every train that rolled into Palestine brought a contingent of visitors with empty valises and took away others whose luggage was heavily laden and gurgling.

Occasionally a visitor from a dry town would get "likkered up" in one or more of the saloons down on Spring Street near the station, but the people who lived in Palestine, and there were about 10,000 of them in those days, were, with few exceptions, a sober lot.

A man who drank immoderately, a man who permitted himself to become pleasantly jingled, was sure to be talked about. As for the women, no one ever heard of them drinking. If a woman belonged to a family that was "used to it," she might drink a glass of wine now and then, but most of the women did not drink at all. Drinking even by men was somehow considered not quite proper by the dominant element in the town, who were members of the evangelical churches. Many of the merchants, bankers, doctors, lawyers and railroad officials were abstainers. Their colleagues who did drink used to confine their drinking largely to their own homes and to the smoking and card rooms of two or three social clubs downtown. Now and then a man of standing in the community might drop into the Ruby Saloon for a glass of beer or whiskey, or maybe a toddy before going home on a winter night. It wasn't considered quite respectable to be seen coming out of the swinging doors of any saloon other than the Ruby.

The man who owned the Ruby took a pride in the fact that no one was allowed to become tipsy in his establishment. He was a family man who sent his children off to college. He owned several cows and pastured them on the edge of town. On churning days he would bring the buttermilk down to the Ruby and sell it. The Ruby's buttermilk became so famous the proprietor arranged to buy elsewhere, so he would have a supply every day. Some men used to have a difficult time of it convincing their skeptical spouses that they had gone to the Ruby to drink buttermilk, not liquor, but frequently that was the truth.

AT LEAST half the working people of Palestine depend for their livelihood on the railroad, the International-Great Northern. Some are employed in the general offices, others in the shops and yards, and the remainder operate the trains. Before prohibition the great majority of the railroad people were either abstainers or moderate drinkers. They had to be, or lose their jobs. The railroad, for several years before the town went dry, which was in 1916, had a regulation, known as "Rule G," which made it a dischargeable offense for an employee to frequent saloons. The railroad unions discouraged drinking and had means of punishing insobriety in their members.

In those days liquor at a social affair was exceptional. Most of the dances were dry and even the New Year's ball at the Elks' Hall, the swankiest affair of the Christmas holiday season, provided only a cut glass bowlful of punch to cheer the gala night. Nor was the punch very strongly spiked. At the various country clubs, devoted in that horse and buggy era to hunting, fishing and plain but prodigious eating, it was rare that a host would offer alcoholic appetisers before dinner. Wine with the meal was unheard of, and beer bottles seldom appeared on the table. None of the clubs found it worth while to have a liquor license. A fisherman might bring a bottle out from town from which to refresh himself between nibbles. In the winter a duck hunter would be likely to take a swig or two on coming in with his bag.

From "The Last Rustler: The Autobiography of Lee Sage" (Little, Brown)

THE way of a man with a thirst is different now. Palestine is no longer the only wet town in East Texas. It is wet, but there are neighboring communities which are reputed to be wetter still. Their thirsty citizens no longer come to Palestine to buy liquor. The farmers of the county no longer have to come to town for their wet goods. There are filling stations along the rural roads where liquor is obtainable. Nowadays a good many town people go out into the country for their drinking supplies.

For town folk who do not want to deal direct with country people who operate stills along the hillside creeks, or with the "foreigners" who know how to make good pure wine out of mustang grapes which abound in parts of the county, there are plenty of bootlegging middlemen doing business in Palestine. So far as I know, there are no speakeasies in Palestine. One does not feel a need for them in a community where every one has an automobile and a home, and where it is the custom for a man to make his sedan and his sitting room almost equally accessible to his friends.

Most of the hard liquor distilled in Anderson County, of which Palestine is the seat, is rather sorry stuff which induces shivers in a cultivated esophagus. But fifteen miles west of town, on yonder bank of the Trinity River, lies Freestone County, and the boys who run the stills in that neck of the woods have a regional reputation for the steadily improving quality of their distillations. Perhaps the yokels of Freestone County, having been longer without saloons, are more experienced and patient in making their own liquor. Now and then, in recent years, they have been the subject of special attention by enforcement agents. County officers have made occasional efforts to blot out their business. The state sent rangers and even militiamen into the county to ferret out the stills. More recently federal agents swarmed over

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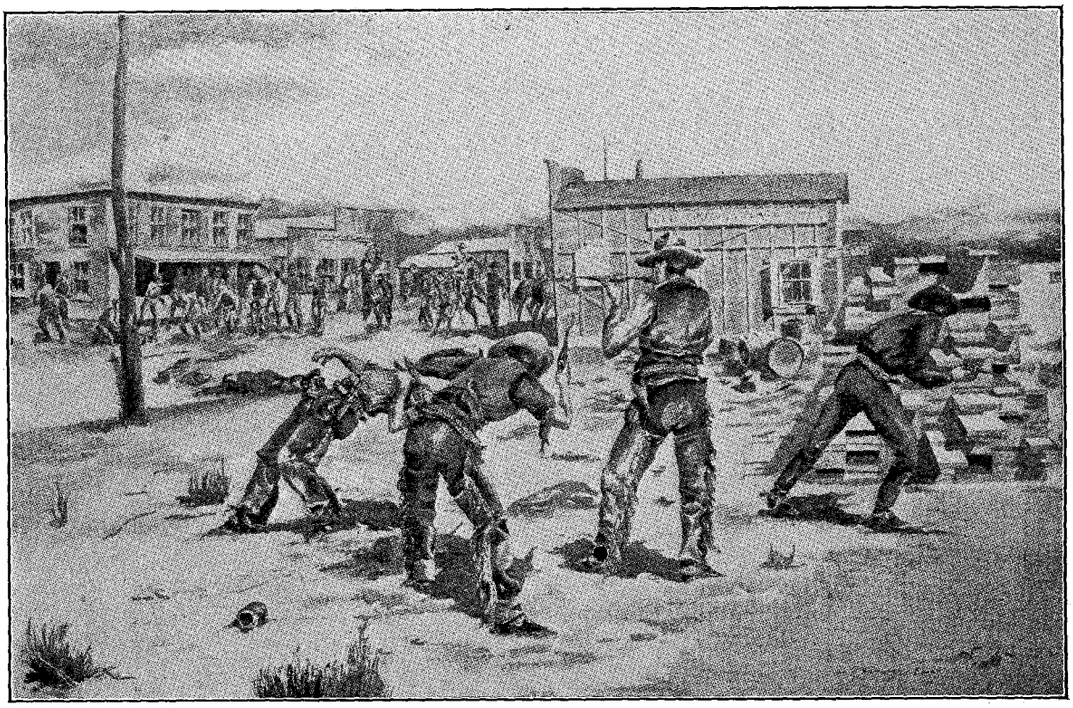
the countryside in flivvers and on horseback, while airplanes flew over the red hills and sand loam valleys. There are plausible and powerful reasons for believing that many of the sources of Freestone County's celebrated corn liquor escaped even these modern methods of detection.

At social gatherings in Palestine, alcoholic beverages, at least among the more prosperous people, appear more frequently, it seems to me, than before prohibition. Few dances are dry. There is no punch-bowl or other free-for-all supply at mixed affairs, but pocket flasks are common enough and the inside of a parked sedan provides an adequate environment for fleeting conviviality. The automobile has converted the old hunting and fishing clubs into glorified swimming holes and private road-houses. Between the twilight swim and the dinner bell, it is fashionable and smart to serve cocktails, and most members seem to do it, especially if there are women present.



The days of the wide-open West

Small dinner parties in town are often brightened by home-made wines. In certain groups it is a rare host who would not have cocktails for his guests. The countryside, and even some of the town's back yards, abounds in fruits and berries, and the variety of wines and brandies made in private kitchens is extensive. An intelligent and determined housewife, turned loose on mustang grapes, elderberries, plums or apricots is capable of, and often does, produce a pleasant and potable beverage. The distilling of hard liquor goes on in town as well as in the woods, as was evidenced not long ago when part of a house was blown away in one of the best residential streets.

The local output of gin has a deservedly poor reputation, but one can drive to Dallas in less than three hours and get to Houston in little more than four hours if one is particular about one's gin.

By all accounts, there is little drinking among the high school youths. But if they are drinking at all, it is more than their predecessors of pre-prohibition days used to do, for then the student caught with a liquor bottle would have had a scandalous reputation all over town in forty-eight hours. Those who go away to college acquire drinking habits that would not have been tolerated fifteen years ago. In my time at the State University it was distinctly understood by every one that liquor and co-eds were not to be mixed in the same evening. We had our beer nights, and happy ones they were, but a man with liquor on his breath was *persona non grata* at all fraternity and ribbon club dances and the weekly Germans. Nowadays, the students tell me, that chapter in the old-time code no longer holds. Getting "organized" before setting out to squire one's girl to a dance is not uncommon, and it would seem to be the height of chivalrous thoughtfulness to carry along a flask in case the young lady should want a snifter or two.

From time to time the Palestine police and the county constables busy themselves making arrests for violations of the liquor laws. Jail sentences for intoxication seem as common as they were before prohibition. Judging from the police and court records, it is only poor whites, itinerant hoboes, ne'er do wells, small-fry bootleggers and Negroes who get caught breaking the Volstead Act.

Economically, prohibition may have improved the common lot in Palestine, but I have seen no sound evidence for such an assumption. Twenty years ago there wasn't a vacant building on any of the business streets, and the owners of commercial property received much higher rents than they get today, although the town has grown in population by several thousand in the past two decades. Fifteen and twenty years ago the second floor of many of the business buildings was used as a rooming house. Quite a few of these second floors are now vacant, and have been for years. That is probably the result of the automobile and the paved highway. When people traveled largely by train, the I.G.N. brought them into Palestine from three directions and the State Railroad from a fourth. Today the local trains are seldom crowded and travelers by car drive down to Houston or up to Dallas instead of stopping in smaller cities.

Nor has the passing of the saloons cured the weak brother and the lame duck in the economic scheme of their infirmities. As one banker expressed it, "the same people who couldn't pay their debts in the old days, can't pay them now."

"I cannot honestly see," another business man said, "where prohibition has made any of my customers either happier or wealthier. I can see where it has

(Please Turn to Page 598)

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

Prizes for Management

MOVING briskly from one sensation to another, the Bethlehem-Youngstown merger fight has produced at least this notable result,—it has given a thorough airing to American methods of rewarding effective management.

Our industries have the choice of several plans of paying their executives, but these really boil down to two: a low basic salary with large contingent possibilities and a high salary with no bonus arrangement attached. Bethlehem Steel may be regarded as a leading exponent of the first and Standard Oil of the second form of compensation for management.

Mr. Schwab, personally, has always been keen for the bonus idea. While he was president of Bethlehem he told us, in an unforgettable half-hour's chat, how he had clung consistently to the idea through his entire business career. Good management, he said, called for a real incentive, and the more generous the incentive, the greater the profits, in all probability, for the stockholders.

Standard Oil's plan, in general, has been just the opposite,—stated salaries all along the line, and no contingent arrangements. Catch 'em young, train 'em well, and hang onto the good ones as they work their way into the upper grades of executive responsibility. Give them salaries generous enough to keep them free from personal worries, indifferent to flattering offers from other concerns, and content to devote their entire time, thought and energy to the job. Two interesting plans—small salary and big bonus; big salary and no bonus. And, American adaptability being what it is, they both seem to work.

Dime Selling

THIS has no reference to the marketing of thin dimes. Under present business conditions it might be difficult to get rid of them at eight cents each. Dime selling is rather a problem which is now puzzling the drug trade, and particularly the wholesalers in that field.

Hand-to-mouth buying has brought about a reduction, not only in the average size of wholesale orders, but also in the average size of the drug store retail purchase. Customers in great numbers demand "the ten-cent size." The wholesalers, scenting further reductions of profits, have been reluctant to encourage this tendency, or to service the retailers in connection with it.

Enter competition, in the form of such concerns as Carson, Pirie & Scott of Chicago, and Butler Brothers of Chicago, New York and elsewhere, who have been mailing retail druggists throughout the country long lists of nationally advertised products which they are prepared to supply in the 10-cent sizes. The retailers are buying these articles, and what is more, are selling them at a turnover rate which has amazed them.

Some wholesale druggists, seeing the handwriting on the wall, have caved in and have begun to stock their customers with the small sizes. Others, who can see nothing but grief in the idea, are still holding out against it. The acid test is whether retailers, in all parts of the country and in all types of stores, can market the dime units at a satisfactory profit. If they can, the recalcitrant wholesalers will have to step into line or drop out and watch the procession from a point of disadvantage atop the picket fence.

His Father's Son

WHILE nepotism shows its head occasionally in American business, it can scarcely be rated as a major menace. Conspicuous cases, such as the Morgan dynasty in finance and the Wanamaker line in merchandising, have worked out, in the main, to the advantage of the enterprise and the satisfaction of all concerned, including non-relatives occupying executive positions in the business.

Europe, however, has just now a glaring example of the dangers involved in applying the nepotic principle. A great insurance company, the Frankfurt General of Germany, has collapsed and left an unbelievably complicated situation which auditors are now working feverishly to disentangle. Paul Dumcke, founder and general manager of the company, prepared the way for the debacle by giving his son Ernst and other relatives positions and responsibilities for which they were not at all qualified. Although an experienced manager was detailed to watch Ernst Dumcke, the young man got the affairs of the Southeastern Department, which he managed from Vienna, into such a hopeless mess that the whole enterprise came down with a crash.

Proper training, such as the elder Morgan gave his son, and a policy of slow and earned promotion for relatives as well as for outsiders might have prevented the Dumcke family disaster. The net result of the episode will, in the opinion of underwriting executives, be favorable to insurance and to general business, since the downfall of the Frankfurt General and the post-mortem on its causes are being followed more closely, the world over, than any collapse since that of the City Equitable of London.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) August 2—82.9. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) August 2—77.0.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended July 19—928,256 cars (increase of 12,271 over preceding week; reduction of 151,712 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended July 26—57.5% of capacity (same as preceding week; reduction of 38.5% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended July 26—daily average gross 2,488,700 barrels (reduction of 11,400 under preceding week and of 407,950 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended July 26—3,490,000 bushels (reduction of 593,000 under preceding week).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended July 31—$9,582,428,000 (increase of 1.9% over preceding week; reduction of 27.8% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended July 31—468 (reduction of 42 under preceding week; increase of 59 over same week of 1929).

The Business Message

Business Communication (Macmillan $1.80) by Carl Lewis Altmaier, professor of business administration at Drexel Institute, is two up on the usual text on business correspondence in that it covers communication by telephone and radio as well as by letter, telegraph and cable.

The case method of presentation is used, the working material comprising 16 preliminary exercises, 43 cases, 50 problems and a fine lot of end-of-chapter questions.

The illustrative sections are well set up, and pleasingly spicy in spots. For example, in the chapter on collection letters Mr. Altmaier describes the "magic pin" device, and also the famous Chicago opus, No. 23: "Darling, I am growing old. Frankly, doesn't that apply to your bill of . . . .?"

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▶▶ Centaurs in the Flesh ◀◀

By GEORGE TREVOR

HORSE racing may be "the sport of kings"; golf and tennis may be royal as well as ancient games, but polo, the pastime of jeweled shahs and turbaned maharajahs, is certainly the oldest of all contests which involve the striking of a ball.

Six hundred years before Christ, Turks faced Persians in the first recorded game of polo. For generations before the white man "civilized" India, the distinctive click of bamboo sticks and the drum fire of ponies' hoofs resounded across the dusty plain of Allabad.

It remained for England to borrow this rousing game from the natives; to introduce it as a regimental sport; to formulate a code of rules; to develop team tactics out of what had been a cross between a horse race and a jousting mêlée; in short, to popularize polo as we know it today.

Even as Britannia has seen her post-Victorian supremacy in tennis and golf pass into the keeping of her bumptious Yankee cousins, so have these upstarts from across the Atlantic reached out and despoiled her of polo prestige.

Worse still, from the standpoint of British conservatives, the radical element in American polo, now personified by swashbuckling Tommy Hitchcock, threatens to revolutionize the game—to scrap the time honored tactics of position play founded on finesse and subtle stroking, and boldly revert to the savage riding and neck or nothing slugging which characterized the old Hindu game.

Polo styles run in cycles. The modern vogue for slugging—a tactical trend which has distorted values in baseball, golf, tennis, and even cricket—has shaken the British conception of polo strategy to its foundation. Against their will, the Hurlingham die-hards have had to learn the game all over again, have had to revise the dribbling and short-passing combination-tactics to meet the reckless audacity of the free hitting Yankee style.

The last few polo teams representing England on Long Island were simply sand-bagged, slugged into submission by Americans who rode hell bent for leather; hit out with careless abandon, and threw caution to the Hempstead winds.

"We were playing four mad men possessed of devils," said Captain George of the 1927 visitors. "Even their back joined the mass attack on our goal."

The modern passion for swiping the everlasting daylight of the ball may be attributed to the widespread desire to imitate Tommy Hitchcock—the hardest hitter polo has ever known. Every young American with sufficient money and aptitude to indulge a flair for high goal polo wants to hit like Tommy.

Unhappily for the science of the game, these youthful mimics don't realize that Hitchcock is also a consummate master of position play, a tactical student of the game's finer points as well as a brute slugger. Beneath that mailed fist, Hitchcock wears a silk glove. His is the skill that enables him to get incredible distance on his drives without sacrificing accuracy.

The ten goal rating—polo's highest award—does Hitchcock less than justice. He has apparently no lapses in form—can adapt himself to any position on any team on any day in the year. Some wag has suggested that a special twelve goal class be created for Hitchcock's benefit. His polo rivals see nothing humorous in that jest. Tommy *is* a twelve goal player in comparison with those who have been rated at ten.

Off the field, Hitchcock is modest, self-effacing, peaceable. In action, he becomes a raging fury who fears neither man, beast, nor devil. Rough to the point of ruthlessness, Hitchcock will force an opponent into the boards or ride him off at full gallop with a bland contempt for danger. "He doesn't give a damn for his own neck or yours when he's on the ball," said a British internationalist. "You know he won't stop—so you do."

This is the same Hitchcock who dived head first through the window of a moving German train after the crack-up of his plane had marooned him behind the enemy line in France. The Germans couldn't hold their prisoner any more than polo foes can prevent him from smashing through. Tommy escaped to Holland on foot.

A CLUE to Hitchcock's uncompromising character is found in his instructions to the United States polo squad of 1930. Such "general orders" incidentally from a team captain are unprecedented in American polo.

Here are some passages that remind one of a college football coach's "pep talk."

> Play as hard as you can all the time. Do not let up one second and do not stop until the referee blows his whistle.

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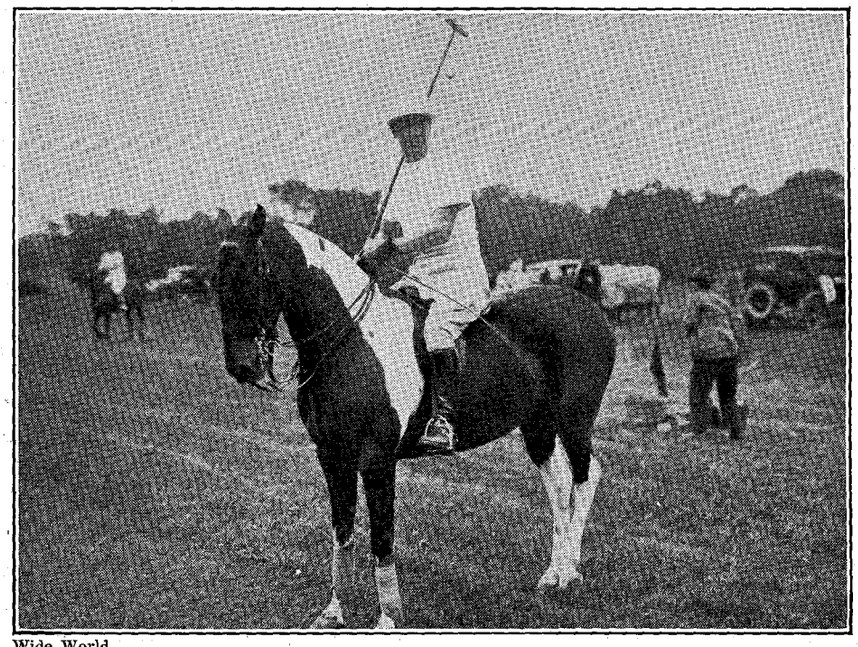

Wide World

TOMMY HITCHCOCK
The hardest hitter polo has ever known

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Wanted: Fifty Million Buyers

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

THE prevalence of overproduction in so many of our industries has led to much discussion regarding the basic soundness of our post-war development. A few American and foreign critics have recently expressed the opinion that we have grown lopsided by overstimulating production and neglecting distribution. In a recent article in the Outlook and Independent Professor André Siegfried, a noted French scholar, was quoted in criticism of the American method of mass production, to which he attributed the existing plethora of goods and the consequent slackening of industrial operations.

Professor Siegfried is right about our having an excess of many commodities at the present moment, but whether this is attributable to distinctively American methods is another question. The weight of evidence hardly supports such a conclusion. The United States is not the only land of plethora. Europe, Asia, Africa, South America and Australia have been wrestling with a similar condition. In the western hemisphere we find Brazil with too much coffee, Cuba with too much sugar, Canada with too much wheat, Chile with too much copper, and the Argentine with too many cattle. In the Far East Japan is overstocked with silk and the East Indies struggling under a load of rubber.

Possibly the plethora of goods is more noticeable in the United States than elsewhere because of the greater wealth and the more elaborate industrial organization. The country which has the greatest and the most varied production would naturally have the greatest assortment of surpluses when consumption began to slacken. It may be true also that certain so-called American traits have tended to intensify the problem as it is found in this country. The close attention now given to business statistics—an excellent thing in itself—may sometimes prove conducive to overexpansion. Ambitious producers feel an urge to better last year's record. More important than this is the alleged necessity of holding one's relative position in the industry. While curtailment may seem to be desirable for many reasons to the head of a large corporation, there is a possibility that it may cause his company to drop, say, from third place in the industry to fourth. It might be a bad thing for a rival to take precedence in such a fashion. On the stock market this would be regarded as a "bear point" on the company. Stockholders will complain when they see their shares declining in price while those of the rival concern are advancing. So the executive decides to maintain volume against all odds and hopes that he can dispose of the indicated surplus with a little super-salesmanship.

The competing concerns, meantime, are following the same line of reasoning, and the result is what some commentators have called "the passion for volume." Mass production is not the cause; it is only the means by which such a result is brought about.

OF COURSE, if mass production resulted in a constant cheapening of the product, enough new buyers might be found with every successive reduction in the price to insure the prompt sale of the entire output. In that case there would be no overproduction and no problem of surplus. It is because things do not work out this way that we have the problem.

In the first place, there is a limit to the economies of large-scale production. As the output is increased, the cost of producing each unit will tend for a time to decrease, but a point is finally reached where the average cost can be brought no lower. Any addition to the output thereafter may involve new expenses for plant enlargement and increase the cost per unit.

Meantime, selling expenses tend to move in an opposite direction from production costs. A manufacturer may find that he can produce two million units of his specialty at substantially less cost per unit than that at which he can produce one million. But when he tries to sell the extra million units he will find that it takes far more effort and expense to sell the second million than it did the first. The first buyers were eager; those who take the last half of the output must be coaxed through advertising and solicitation. A stage is finally reached where the diminution of production costs through a larger output is offset by the increase in the selling cost incident to the marketing of the additional product.

A year ago, when the "new era" economists had their vogue, they talked very much about the impossibility of the basic industries reaching the so-called saturation point. If every individual in the United States owned a motor car, they said, there would still be no saturation point in the automobile industry. The next step would be to sell many of the owners two cars, as there is no more reason why a man of means should limit himself to one car than there is for his restricting himself to one pair of shoes.

This sort of talk belongs in the class with the familiar assertion that overproduction is impossible because human wants are insatiable. Such ideas may seem theoretically plausible, but practical business cannot be run on such a basis. If expansion goes on unhindered a point will inevitably be reached at which a surplus develops which can be sold only at a substantial loss. Our wheat, oil and copper producers have learned this to their cost.

Professor Siegfried is right when he says that we have succeeded better at production than we have at distribution. It is easier to manufacture efficiently than it is to sell efficiently. Production is largely a matter of organization and technique, while selling involves certain imponderables which collectively make up what we call good will, and it also calls for the cultivation of wants where none existed before. We can produce at diminishing expense, while to sell in a larger market involves increasing expense.

The so-called New Industrial Revolution which has come since the War has resulted in a great increase in our producing ability, with no corresponding improvement in our selling ability. Consequently, industry has slackened its pace until the surplus is worked off. When this has been done, shall we resume at full speed and run head-on into another condition of plethora, with a repetition of the readjustment which we have been going through during the current year?

Presumably, we shall do just that unless we sell more or produce less. If we cannot sell more we shall eventually begin to produce less. But curtailed production means that some part of the population will inevitably lower its standard of living. We may be forced to take that way out of our difficulty, but it is certainly not the best way. What the country needs is not fewer producers, but more buyers.

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▶▶ United States of Scandinavia ◀◀

By T. R. YBARRA

BERLIN.

CYNICS over here in Europe smile skeptically when they try to visualize Monsieur Aristide Briand's projected United States of Europe. Knowing only too well the attitude of the average European great power toward other nations of its own size and importance, they find difficulty in believing that even a most accomplished optimist like M. Briand can ever transform into United States the Disunited Hates of the European Continent.

The average skeptic, however, acts differently when it comes to Scandinavia. When he hears of a plan for a semi-union between the Scandinavian countries, he drops his cynical smile and gives respectful attention to the details of the project.

He knows that, up in Scandinavia, there is not the great gulf existing elsewhere in Europe between things that ought to be done and things that get done. So he has taken seriously the recent news that there have been important tentative negotiations between representatives of the Scandinavian countries, to be followed (perhaps before the end of the present year) by a conference, as a result whereof it is hoped that something like a United States of Scandinavia may come into being. Not an actual amalgamation of the Scandinavian lands into one nation—even the most sanguine believers in European solidarity do not go so far as to hope for that—but a sort of give-and-take combination, such as to bring economic and political benefits to the countries entering into it.

In addition to Sweden, Norway and Denmark, the three lands usually considered as composing what we know as Scandinavia, a fourth country is mentioned as having taken part in the preliminary negotiations and as being interested in the possible union envisaged by Pan-Scandinavians.

This fourth is Finland. Though the bulk of the Finns are not at all Scandinavian, but show racial characteristics and speak a tongue akin to those of no nations in Europe except Esthonia, Hungary and Turkey, a large part of the population of that portion of the country fringing the Baltic is Swedish in culture, race and language. These "Swedish Finns" have always felt the closest kinship with the inhabitants of Sweden—distant only a few hours by steamship—and with the rest of the Scandinavians inhabiting Norway and Denmark. There are a number of writers, for instance, among whom the best-known is the poet Runeberg, who were natives of Finland yet invariably wrote in Swedish, considered themselves Swedes, and rank high in Swedish literature. Before Finland became independent from Russia, as a result of the World War, there were many Swedish Finns in Helsingfors and other Finnish coast-towns who could not even speak Finnish, but employed Swedish invariably as their native tongue. Not until after Finland had become a republic and a great wave of nationalism had swept over the land did the Finnish language become of importance to these people. At Helsingfors I was told by a Swedish Finn, shortly after the proclamation of Finland's independence, that, in order to hold an official job under the new government of his native Finland, he had been compelled to learn the Finnish language!

So it is easily understandable that there are numerous people in Finland who, like numerous Swedes, Danes and Norwegians, are interested in a possible Scandinavian union.

POLITICALLY, the four Scandinavian countries will doubtless remain as independent as ever. There is no idea at present of uniting them under one government. If the Scandinavian union materializes, kings will continue to sit on their thrones in Sweden, Norway and Denmark, and a President, with a Prime Minister and a Cabinet functioning much as they do in other republics, will continue to govern Finland. But the sponsors of the Scandinavian union are of the opinion that the four Scandinavian countries can easily get together sufficiently to formulate a common foreign policy. Their interests, it is felt, are so similar, likewise their position with regard to the rest of the world's nations, that they ought to present a fourfold front to the world.

Financially alone, such a combined foreign policy would be of enormous advantage to them. It would cause a great reduction in the number of diplomats and consular officers now needed by the four Scandinavian lands.

"Instead of Swedish, Norwegian, Danish and Finnish legations and consulates all over the world, each with an expensive staff of employees, why not a single Scandinavian legation and Scandinavian consulate in each foreign country, to represent the interests of Sweden, Norway, Finland and Denmark?" ask the champions of the projected union. If such a scheme were introduced, each Scandinavian government would be called upon to pay something like one-fourth as much as it pays now for representation abroad—such a possible saving, in lands like the Scandinavian, where money is not very plentiful and thrift one of the commonest traits, is sure to have an instant appeal.

It should not be difficult for the Scandinavians to work out something like a common policy. Union is by no means strange to them. Denmark and Norway formed a single kingdom for four centuries. Sweden and Norway had one king in common for nearly one hundred years—until a quarter of a century ago, in fact. Finland has known the rule of Swedish monarchs, and is, as has been said, closely bound to the peoples of Scandinavia proper by cultural and linguistic ties.

During the World War, the three kings of Sweden, Norway and Denmark met on Swedish soil, together with statesmen of their respective countries, for the purpose of devising a scheme for presenting a common front to the great powers of Europe and thus better protect general Scandinavian interests. The scheme was devised, the common front was presented, and the warring great powers felt considerably more respect for United Scandinavia, representing over twelve million people, than they ever would have felt for Sweden, with only six million, Denmark, with three and a half, and Norway, with a population below the three million mark.

And now, if Finland unites with these three, no matter how loosely, the United States of Scandinavia will have more than 15,000,000 inhabitants, and may speak with a voice more commanding than any that has come out of Europe's Northland since the days of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden three hundred years ago.

Moreover—if nothing in the way of union comes to Europe except United Scandinavia, what a joke it will be on Monsieur Aristide Briand!

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books — The Theatre — The Movies

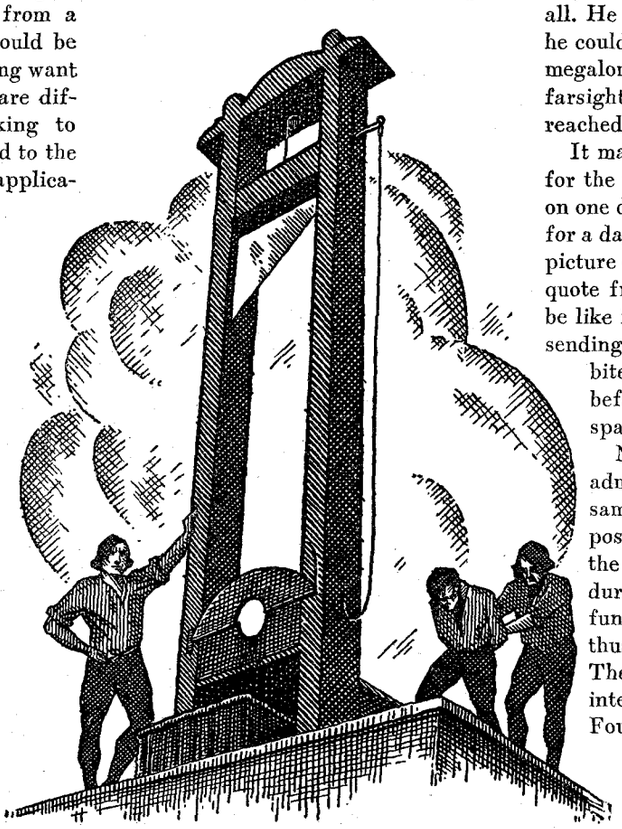
The Season's Greatest Story

WALKING without any objective other than meditation in motion in my backyard the other day, I saw a youthful caterpillar writhing in agony as a platoon of ants gnawed at him from either side. As a picture of cruelty it was perfect. The ants had not approached their victim at right angles; for reasons known only to them, they had preferred to go at their enemy slantwise, like cars parked along a hill, or like oars dipped taut from a long scull. At first blush one would be minded to ask why should anything want to eat a caterpillar? But tastes are different. After sufficient on-looking to learn my lesson, I put a quick end to the entire scrimmage through the application of my O'Sullivan heel.

Life is like that. Try as we may to trace justice and equanimity, life is one unending series of revolutions and counter-revolutions. The vast majority of these are imperceptibly small; a few are very large; the largest the world has ever known was the French Revolution. In his *The Portrait of a Politician* (The Viking Press $3.50), admirably translated by Eden and Cedar Paul, Stefan Zweig has singled out for analysis that arch-knave of the whole miserable mess, Joseph Fouché and, due to Herr Zweig's matchless ability to round up the facts and draw the conclusions, an ability greater than Emil Ludwig's, he has given us the season's greatest story. To say this is not merely a pleasure; it is a duty.

Zweig's superiority to Ludwig lies in his judgment. Ludwig will write an intimate life of anybody; Zweig treats only those about whom he can become perfectly informed. In the case of Joseph Fouché, there was no forbidding difficulty attached to the securing of the requisite data. Louis Madelin's monumental biography lay ready at hand, Balzac's comments could be located by a boy in the grades, Lamartine had long before had his day, so had Heine and Napoleon Bonaparte, even he, had once remarked: "I have known only one really perfect traitor, Fouché." Zweig's task was therefore made relatively easy; and there was no evading it if he was to carry out his noble though colossal plan of painting the pictures of those who have had a high hand in the making of the world.

Joseph Fouché was born in the seaport town of Nantes on May 31, 1759, and died in the seaport town of Triest on December 26, 1820. Born, like Napoleon, of nobody, he rose to the position where, when Napoleon called him a traitor, he could reply, with personal immunity and with a smile that would not come off, "Sire, I fear that your judgment is defective."



From the jacket of "Joseph Fouché, The Portrait of a Politician" by Stefan Zweig (Viking Press)

Throughout the thirty years of his political activity he played the rôles of Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Catiline, Antony, and Epictetus to France and the French. He swore allegiance to any and every form of government that came to the fore in France. His first oath of fealty was to the government that was still monarchical; his second to the Republic; his third to the Directory; his fourth to the Consulate; his fifth, at the age of forty-five, to the Empire. He was a turncoat of many colors.

He began his career as a school teacher. Did he, when he later, as a result of graft, gambling, and hard work, for he was nobody's eight-hour-a-day man, look back on those humble days when he taught rhetoric and geometry to boys with another smile? Not at all. He looked forward to the day when he could become more powerful than the megalomaniac from Corsica. It was a farsighted glance, but Joseph Fouché reached his goal by following his eyes.

It may be all very well in the cinema for the manager to throw on the screen, on one day, a snatch of the treat in store for a day that is to come. That is motion-picture ethics. It would not be correct to quote from this great book; that would be like inviting guests in for dinner and sending them at the same time a slight bite of the food they are to have set before them. Moreover, there is space only for other matters.

No sane individual can help but admire the French people; at the same time sanity does not make possible a denial of the fact that the political happenings in France, during the generation that Fouché functioned, were the most insane thus far known to civilization. The massacre at Lyons, superintended incidentally by Zweig's Fouché, was enough in itself to cause one to question the right of France to survive. But those things, as hideous as hideous can be, are of the past. The question before us is: Did the Viennese Zweig write this book in order to burnish a blot on France's escutcheon? Not in the slightest. There is only one place in which he reveals a passing measure of subjective nationalism: Where he states that Fouché, when dickering behind Napoleon's back with the idea of getting England into trouble, could hardly be blamed. The book is otherwise objective and contains a beautiful though implied rather than expressed moral: Watch any able man once he begins to climb. How aptly

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Zweig could have quoted, here, there, and everywhere, T. N. Talfourd's tragedy entitled *Ion*. But Zweig never drags in alien instances: those he treats are strong enough in themselves.

Is Zweig quite fair to Fouché? It would hardly seem so. Benjamin Disraeli once raised the question: Is a man a fool to be more honest than the age in which lives? The answer is obvious: "Yes," if he wants to get on in life, "No," if he wants to be honest. Fouché lived in an age when the most an honest man could do was to save his neck from the national razor.

History is repetitive; of that there can be not a shred of doubt. Think of the parallel, admittedly and happily on a totally different plane, between Fouché and Napoleon then and the Tiger and Generalissimo of yesterday! Times change and we with them. With all of their weaknesses, men are getting better; despite all the dull ones, books are becoming brighter.

The France of today is the France that was made between 1790 and 1820. The Police Commissioner and Impresario of those thirty years was Joseph Fouché. A more brilliant dramatization of his life than Zweig's is just simply impossible.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

The Week's Reading

MYSTERY, when it is genuine, lures the imagination through mental caverns measureless to man. "Where the problem is so profound that it enters the domain of mystery, the emergence of each additional fact serves only to reveal the magnitude of the inquiry," re-

Decorations by Ronald Balfour in Constance Bridges' "Thin Air" (Brewer & Warren)

'ects the high-brow secretary in *I am 'onathan Scrivener*, by Claude Hough-on (Simon & Schuster $1). And, although he finds a solution to his taste, ou are not certain at the end, that he : right. You are left to feel that the ›ystery of men's souls and their purposes is eternal. When lonely, ingrown James Wrexham takes a job as secretary to Jonathan Scrivener, he does not see his employer. He is simply told to live in Scrivener's London flat, to forward Scrivener's letters, and to see any one who calls upon Scrivener. For these light tasks he gets a comely stipend, a luxurious dwelling, a remarkable library, and a labyrinth of human relationships. He becomes the victim of a relentless curiosity. Who is Jonathan Scrivener and why was he, James Wrexham, elected Scrivener's secretary merely on the strength of a letter which he wrote about himself in applying for the job? In the effort to answer these questions Wrexham is thrown with a tawny adventuress, a brilliant social gadfly, a youth drowning despair in drink, and a restless, cold, virginal beauty. From the four he learns little of Scrivener, despite his probings, yet much of life. Not until the last page, when he has built up a psychological explanation which partly appeases his curiosity, does he meet this powerful, mysterious creature face to face. The story can be taken as a complex, but unemotional, pursuit of a plot. It can also be taken symbolically as man's quest of his own ultimate values. It is strangely metallic, without appeal to the senses. Yet between the lines, you catch bright glints of half uttered truths and luminous conjectures.

As in the forest you see black, stunted trees among the blooming, so in the world you see warped souls among the smooth. Yet, often, the distorted cling more ruggedly to life, have more endurance. It is of such people that Francois Mauriac has written in *The Family*, translated by Lewis Galantière (Covici-Friede $2). The first story, "The Kiss of the Leper," tells how Jean Péloueyre, a dwarf who believes that he is fated never to taste the fruits of life, who spends his days alone on the moors shooting magpies and his nights in bitter gazing at the stars, acquires a lovely bride, because his father is rich and important to the village. No girl could refuse a Péloueyre, so Noémi strangles her maiden dreams and accepts the bed and board of the red-nosed dwarf. But, even with grim effort, she cannot hide her repulsion.

And Jean, who loves her, comes to avoid the house, to avoid their room, to keep his crooked body from her eyes and to keep himself from the pain he sees there. Each is the victim of a terrible sensitivity to the other. Each is constantly aware of the other's suffering. Noémi, startled from a normal girlhood into martyrdom, rejects the passion of a handsome doctor, over Jean's deathbed, and lives on in lonely saintliness. In "Genetrix," M. Mauriac tells the struggle of a possessive woman between her son and his wife. The mother holds her grim tyranny over them both, grappling to herself her son with hoops of steel, until the wife dies. And then, because she has no power over death, her strength is broken. The wife, at peace beneath the soil, now rules the family. These inarticulate people live among the vineyards of the Pyrenees where the hot breath of the south blows on their passions and kindles them to blaze. M. Mauriac knows the strange contrast in their natures of shrewdness and stupidity, of cruelty and devoutness. He shows you in sharp relief against the fertile countryside the concentrated, bottled up violence of their lives. In the macabre strain running through his book he reminds you closely of Julian Green. But where Mr. Green's tales exacerbate your nerves and fill you with a creeping horror, these stories of M. Mauriac's remain remote, exotic and unmoving.

Out of the lonely places of the earth and from the lonely hearts of people close bound to it arise miraculous legends. Some profound instinct, rooted in human need, seems to prompt them. Such longing exists for a visible reality of God. So, from the forests of Czecho-

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Slovakia comes this mystic tale, *The Christ of the Forest,* told by a German poet, Robert Michel (E. P. Dutton $2.50). Marie lived in the Böhmerwald with her father, a charcoal-burner. When he lay dying, one night in mid-winter, she rushed out into the snow, calling upon Jesus to save him. But Jesus did not come, although she cried for Him the whole night. When she returned to the hut her father was already stiff and she fell senseless on the floor. From this day Marie had a streak of madness. A peasant in a neighboring village wanted to marry her. She kept putting off the wedding. One day, as she slept under a tree, a wandering artist found her. He was seized with a desire for her healthy, peasant body, and he took her. She scarcely awakened, and when he had gone, she thought that an apparition had descended from the clouds to announce the birth of a holy child. Balthasar, the peasant, married her, although she made him promise never to touch her. Her son was born in the stable behind the hut. Marie watched over the child with the eyes of a lynx, not daring to leave him, doing her chores with him in her arms. As he grew older, she never spoke in front of him except with words from the Bible. He knew no other way to express himself. So when his first utterance was "In the name of the Lord," she took it for a sign from heaven. The child was a radiant creature, untouched by malice, unsullied by the fingers of the world. His brief life, with its miracles and grief, became a story for the villages to hand down from generation to generation. The book springs pure and naïf from the same source that creates miracles. It has the quality of folk-lore, its simplicity and its innocent music.

To gossip is to be human; and human beings will lose their interest in gossip when they become, without exception, unlike unto and socially estranged from themselves and their fellows. The stuff increases in importance, naturally, with the increase in experience back of it. Given then a highly gifted woman, who has had a half century of access to the royal families of Europe, and let her write, and the result is bound to be of uncommon significance. This is what we have in *The Runaway Countess* (Cape & Smith $2.50), translated from the German by Frank Barnes. The author is Countess Hermynia zur Muehler. Born of a father who knew nothing but the diplomatist's wandering from court to court and of a mother who was so beautiful that she preferred to have her less lovely daughter out of the house, she finally grew tired of dinners, balls, intrigues, headaches, and gossip too, and decided to strike out for herself. Her nose may have been so pug that it rained in it, and her concern for the poor, as opposed to the class to which she belonged by birth, so persistent that even her Austrian father regarded her as a freak, she nevertheless knew what she wanted; and she felt that she knew what the world needed. So out she went, married a German Baron who had an immense estate on the Baltic, moved up with him to his gloomy place, fought one battle after another with him and his pals, and eventually went back to Austria. This was in 1914. Having been an Austrian in Russia for a while, she was now a Russian in Austria. In other words, she was a misfit wherever she was, for she was honest and outspoken. Her memorial gossip has to do with the

Drawn by Henry C. Pitz for "The Wonder Road" (Macmillan)

people she actually knew, from Emperor Franz Joseph and Count Berchtold to Esthonian peasants. The book is crowded with information set forth in a most charming way.

The winning of the West, after the most recalcitrant obstacles had been subdued as far as the Ohio River, resembled a "classic" football game. With the team lined up ready for the opening whistle, at the very beginning of the nineteenth century, the region around St. Louis was the "center," the "right end" was up in the neighborhood of the Great Lakes, the "goal posts" were in the vicinity of the Golden Gate on the Pacific. The most inviting spot, however, was the "left end" with Santa Fé far off on the last gridded chalk line. This point was reached, in reality, by a superb "forward pass" over the Santa Fé trail. The Mexicans fumbled, the Indians played foul, and were penalized. R. L. Duffus, once gifted editorial writer on the lamented *Globe,* has told this story with a fascination that the novelist can only rarely attain in *The Santa Fé Trail* (Longmans $5). The study is judiciously illustrated, there is a scholarly bibliography, and a good index. What names arise before the mind in the account of how that eight-hundred-mile stretch from Kansas City to Santa Fé was brought within the range of civilization! William Becknell who made the first trip in 1821 as little knew what he had "discovered" as did Columbus long before; nor did the engineer who brought the first train into Santa Fé, on February 9, 1880, realize that he was at once the last and the first of a mighty line that included Pike of the Peak, Kit Carson, Steve Kearny of immortal fame as a soldier, the Magoffins, including the lovely Susan, and others equally doughty who, by fighting against Indians, deserts, storms, politics, and death, added the entire Southwest to the United States and then died early deaths, just as do the athletes who carry the ball too far for their own physical hearts. But we love them for it. Did they of the Old World ever have a campaign equal to this one? And echo answers, not "Did they?" but "This one." Every railroad out there, and particularly the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, should give life passes with drawing rooms to R. L. Duffus—and may his tribe increase!

Chancing to be in France at the time, Alden Brooks, American by birth, went to a French artillery school, learned his craft, joined a French outfit at Saint Dizier (the writer of these lines entrained in the same town to join the Sixth Division, then in the Argonne) in December, 1917, and saw what fighting he could until the Armistice. His book *As I Saw It* (Knopf $3) was first printed in Paris in an edition of 400 and sold for 250 francs, about $10. It is now available over here for less than a third of that portly sum, and even at the present reduction the price seems a trifle high. Mr. Brooks has, to be sure, thrown some light on what an outfit does when in support or reserve, and especially when in a training area. This is all well and good, for queer things take place then and there. He has also given a clear picture of artillery fire one of the least understood branches of the service. It can hardly be expected, however, that the American

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Legion will put on a special drive to further the sale of his frank volume. Of the Meuse-Argonne drive he writes: "Although the 1st American Army drew endless German troops upon itself, materially hastened the end of the War, advanced heroically step by step, it never broke through the German hinge, never reached Sedan. And in doing what it did, it lost one hundred thousand men." The figures of losses are too high; and Sedan was not reached for good and sufficient reasons. Mr. Brooks is on more solid ground when, in the last four paragraphs of his sprightly study, he denounces war as "stupid, insensate, unheroic to the last degree." And he is standing on granite when he states that men in war neither hate the enemy nor die willingly for their country. Clemenceau is reported to have said once (he never wrote it down) that if he told half he knew it would not be possible in the future to round up a dozen Frenchmen who would fight for France. This is half truth and half exaggeration on the part of Clemenceau of the value of his private stock of information. But if the truth will prevent war, let's have it even though G.H.Q. fall.

Behind the Blurbs

SIGNS of progress in Ireland: Huxley's *Brief Candles* and Hergesheimer's *The Party Dress* have been outlawed by the censorship board of the Irish Free State. ☙☙☙ In August the Limited Editions Club will send its subscribers an edition of *Robinson Crusoe*, illus. by Edward A. Wilson, and printed by the Grabhorn Press. Four hundred pages, and 38 5-color illustrations. ☙☙☙ Concerning the talking picture, *All Quiet on the Western Front:*

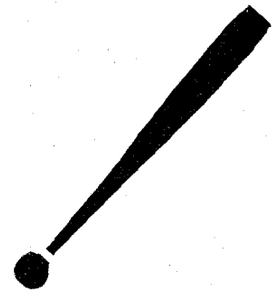
> The Mayor of Lynn, Massachusetts,
> Has been told that the picture's so loose it's
> A crime and a sin
> To show it in Lynn,
> So he's barred it from Lynn, Massachusetts.

☙☙☙ And did you know that John Hancock was a rum runner? Well, he was. We read about it in *The Adams Family*. And in defending him for not paying duty on his cargo of wine, John Adams said: "My client never consented to it [the law]; he never voted for it himself, and he never voted for any man to make such a law for him." Just our case exactly, and we wish now we'd read all this before our return from foreign parts. We'd have gained courage to try to bring in those two bottles of Johannisberger. Certainly they couldn't put us in jail for doing what Hancock did, and what Adams defended. ☙☙☙ Well, we've gone and read Harold Bell Wright's new book, *Exit*[1]. Yes we did, every word. . . . Well, every other word, then; we ain't superhuman. It's the story of a boy, Pierre, who wanted to be an actor because he could take off the home town folks something swell. He lives with Bruce and Ann, and over him hovers the influence of his angel mother. So far so good, but Bruce gets his inheritance away from him,—not a very large inheritance, but Bruce wants to put it into a gold mine. Something fishy about that mine—we realized right away that there was a viper in the woodpile, and it turns out that the viper is Pierre's rascally father, who hasn't been heard from in a long time. But old Tony, who once loved Pierre's mother, has written a play for Pierre, and before anything happens he reads the play. And that saves the situation. We're sorry we can't be any clearer than this. We'd spoil the story. Indeed this is a most inadequate review. We'd like to say that it is a charming story of young love, a gripping tale of raw, red passions, and a tenderly intuitive study of the genius of the boy, Pierre. But unfortunately, none of those things is true. The general idea, enforced by quotations from Robert Service and one Shakespeare, seems to be that all the world's a stage. Which is the only proof Mr. Wright offers—except his word for it—that Pierre is really an actor. Ho, hum. ☙☙☙ When (in *The Actress*[2]) a beautiful girl with Egyptian eyes rushed out into the street and, grabbing Andrew Mordent by the arm, gasped "Please help me!" do you suppose Andrew growled "Unhand me, hussy!" Not he. Our brave Andrew strode into the house, flung open the door from behind which had come the sound of a shot, and found—an empty room. But presently the lady of the house came back, and when the door was opened the second time, there lay her husband, dead. Having thus stated the mystery, the author puts it aside and chronicles the story of Andrew's love for the girl, who becomes a great stage success under the guidance and patronage of the mysterious American, Macbane. But the mystery comes back, involves every one, and threatens to land several people in jail. It is finally cleared up without the intervention of the police—a pleasant note in a mystery novel—and everybody is happy when the story ends.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. Appleton, $2.00.
2. By Arthur Applin: Duffield, $2.00.

"Human and intimate"
"A graphic picture"
"What a tale it is"
"Entertaining"
"Interesting"
"Animated"



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The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf

For Week-End Reading

Mystery: **I Am Jonathan Scrivener**, by Claude Houghton: Simon & Schuster.
Novel: **American Girl**, by John Tunis: Brewer & Warren.
Biography: **Joseph Fouché**, by Stefan Zweig: Viking Press.
Miscellaneous: **The Outlaw Years**, by Robert Coates: Macaulay.

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The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

Chances, by A. Hamilton Gibbs: Little, Brown. A slight novel about two brothers in love with the same girl, with the War solving all problems. Reviewed June 11.

Laments for the Living, by Dorothy Parker: Viking. Brilliant, acrid sketches and short stories. Reviewed June 18.

Years of Grace, by Margaret Ayer Barnes: Houghton, Mifflin. A detached and clear picture of fifty years with their changing influences. Reviewed July 2.

Cimarron, by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran. Picturesque tale of Oklahoma. Reviewed April 9.

The Young and Secret, by Alice Grant Rosman: Minton, Balch. Charming, light romance in London setting. Reviewed July 2.

Non-Fiction

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor. Reviewed May 21.

Roosevelt, by Owen Wister: Macmillan. Entertaining portrait of the President, as revealed in fifty years of intimate association.

Strange Death of President Harding, by M. D. Thacker: Guild Publishing Co. Will not be reviewed here.

The Adams Family, by James Truslow Adams: Little Brown. A distinguished and highly readable history of America's greatest family. Reviewed June 18.

Green Pastures, by Marc Connelly: Farrar & Rinehart. The white man's idea of the Negro's idea of heaven in a touching play developed from Roark Bradford's stories. Reviewed March 12.

Magazine Articles Recommended

A Note as to Sinclair Lewis, by James Branch Cabell. *American Mercury,* August.

One of America's most illustrious writers discusses the timeless qualities of Sinclair Lewis' famous character George F. Babbitt. Lewis himself was recently quoted as saying Babbitts were "swell guys." Mr. Cabell remarks that "George Babbitt is no parvenu born but eight years ago. He has existed since time's youth; he has trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants; he rose to further the commercial supremacy of Tyre, and Carthage, and Liverpool. Under the alias of Marco Polo, he has established business relations with the Khan of Cathay; and as Cristoforo Colombo he has looked for a paying route into India. He has gone well-greaved against Troy, at the behest of the Greek draft laws; he has shouted 'Crucify Him!' in Jerusalem; he has burned Jews in Seville, and he has hanged witches in Salem. All this has been to Babbitt, not quite as the sound of liars and brutes, but merely that which seemed expected of him, or of any level-headed Regular Guy, in his then present circumstances."

Professional Aid—A Story of Ocean Racing, by Alfred F. Loomis. *Atlantic Monthly,* August.

Whether you are a sailor or the veriest landlubber, this article by a well known yachtsman will thrill you as do all authentic stories of danger and daring. Mr. Loomis has crossed the Atlantic in just such a yacht and on just such a quest as he describes. Ocean racing is as pure a "sport" as exists today. To the victors glory is the sole reward—that and a sense of a job well done, of skill and experience tried and found worthy.

The Housing Problem

As Seen in Recent Publications

THERE are many current indications of a sustained or renewed interest, here and abroad, in the related subjects of housing and town-planning. New York's Regional Plan, now promoted by a representative committee, has received a distinguished-public-service medal such as has usually gone to individuals. Greater Paris has a new tentative official recognition, naturally brought about by the gradual demolition of her famous city walls since the end of the War.

In England, Tories and Liberals have actually, amazing as it seems, pounced upon the failure of Ramsay MacDonald's Labor Government to do enough in its first year in the way of promoting the erection of houses by local municipalities and by state-subsidized private enterprises, as its most vulnerable point of attack for a general debate in the House of Commons. Miss Susan Lawrence, replying for the Government, was able to show that the number of houses under construction has not in fact diminished but has increased, and that the only difference is that private enterprise is building them this year without subsidies. Delighted Conservatives quickly seized upon this as evidence that their original arguments against subsidies were sound; but as a Conservative Government had been responsible both for beginning and for ending the subsidies, and as the houses built by private enterprise, even with subsidies, are of very little interest to workingmen anyway, the point has dialectic rather than practical value.

The large fact in England is that such tenements and other dwellings as working people can afford to rent are no longer built by private enterprise. Of 1,275,000 "houses" (i. e., apartments) built since the Armistice, only 446,000 were built without state assistance, according to the *Annual Report* of the Ministry of Health for 1928-9. The whole field has been abandoned by ordinary real estate business interests; and it has been occupied, not yet wholly, but probably far better than private enterprise would have occupied it, by the local municipal authorities and by corporations not for profit. The latter, known in England as "public utilities societies," but not to be confused with so-called public utilities in America, are for the most part subsidiary non-profit corporations created by large employers to house their workers. There are also, of course, philanthropic enterprises created by public-spirited citizens and conducted on business principles, but with low interest on the investment or perhaps none at all, any profits being used for new building or improvements.

Kensington, one of London's richest and more populous boroughs, has several of these housing trusts, with aggregate accommodation for some six thousand persons, while the borough itself has erected or acquired single-family houses or flats for about half as many more.

For such information, and a vast amount of equally interesting detail, one must consult the annual reports of the Medical Officer of the Borough. The London County Council, however, has put into more permanent and general form a volume on *Housing,* with particular reference to post-war housing schemes (P. S. King), which contains sufficient historical introduction, condensed from earlier publications, and very precise information about the legislation of recent years and the operations actually carried out by the County Council itself and by the twenty-eight boroughs within its area. These activities include the building of model tenements in London on a very large scale, the clearance of slum areas, and the erection of suburban groups, even at considerable distances. One of these, at Becontree, some ten miles from Charing Cross, has only now come into very active demand because of Henry Ford's choice of that locality for his new plant.

These municipally erected and managed estates do not earn an economic rent. They are very carefully administered, and the loss from non-payment of rents is negligible. But the scale of rents charged, though probably as high as tenants can afford to pay, covers at most about three-fourths of a normal return on the investment. In other words, for these many thousands of families the provision of housing has been frankly socialized in Britain, as elementary education is socialized, and as the practice of medicine is tending to be. Not that the whole cost is provided directly by the state, but a substantial part of it is. E. D. Simon, a Liberal member of the House of Commons and a former lord mayor of Manchester, in his *How to Abolish the Slums* (Longmans, Green), which was noticed on this page about a year ago, accepts this philosophy with discrimination, proposing to wipe out the slums by a "proper" subsidy.

EDWARD T. DEVINE.

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"Our Blushing Brides"

GIRLS, if you don't learn about men from this movie, I am afraid *nothing* will ever teach you. The point is that men are beasts, yes, *beasts* —particularly when they are rich and handsome—and they mean no good at all to the poor working girl. It should be said, however, that if *Our Blushing Brides* combines many of the best elements of *East Lynn* and *Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl,* it is completely modern and up to date in every respect. Furthermore, its photography is often little short of fascinating, and I mean this. The sets on the modernistic Long Island (or was it Babylonian?) estate are stunning, if a little—ah—exaggerated. The ladies, I suspect, will go crazy about this film, for about half of it is taken up with fashion shows.

Joan Crawford, Anita Page and Dorothy Sebastian all work in a big department store, and are employed demonstrating very, very, very lingerie to millionaires who keep suggesting apartments on Park Avenue. Pretty soon Anita and Dorothy listen to the voice of sin, but Joan sits home handing out good, sound, moral advice. And what happens? Is vice punished and virtue rewarded? Oh, boy! Dorothy finds her millionaire (John Miljan) is a crook, and after they take him away she goes back to the country, to milk cows. Anita finds her sugar daddy (Raymond Hackett) is about to marry a debutante, and while the society editor of the *Times* is broadcasting a description of their engagement party (which sounds like a Hollywood opening) over the radio, Anita drinks poison and dies. Meanwhile Joan Crawford's virtuous no-no-no attitude has worked a great moral change in Robert Montgomery, the head of her store who had been making leers at her, and he proposes honorable marriage. The point, girls, is not to let him kiss you until you get a contract.

"Yoshivara"

While the Japanese produce some nine hundred feature films a year compared to our mere eight hundred, these have, until recently, been made entirely in the traditional Japanese manner, with a great deal of sword banging and a lot of attention to gestures. *Yoshivara* (a silent film) is the work of a director who studied in Germany and returned to Japan with European ideas of acting. The story is an old one in that country and concerns the tragic things which happen to the little lady on the left (see the picture) when her brother (right) becomes infatuated with a geisha girl. While Baltimore censors let the film go untouched, it was so mutilated by the New York board that it hardly makes sense in that state. It is being released in this country by Moviegraph.

Worth Seeing

All Quiet on the Western Front: Remarque's book done into a relentlessly vivid and honest film. The most terrifying picture of the War ever made.
Anybody's War: Moran and Mack ("The Two Black Crows") muddle about in a very pleasant comedy.
The Big House: A spectacular movie about prison crowding, jailbreaks and such. A trifle sentimental, but good melodrama.
For the Defense: Another one of William Powell's slick performances in a story which is not too strong.
Grumpy: Cyril Maude in a carefully photographed edition of the stage play. Mr. Maude is as perfect as ever, but it's the same old play he has been doing for the past generation.
Holiday: A grown-up comedy about the trials of great riches with the absolutely-perfectly-beautiful Ann Harding.
Journey's End: The war as seen from a British officers' dugout. Quite as good as the stage play.

Not So Good

Common Clay: Cheap slop about the wide-eyed house-maid who has a child by the son of the house, who then repudiates her.

"Good Intentions"

If you had told me last week that it was still possible to make a tense and exciting movie about night club racketeers, I would have pushed you right off the wharf and never even reached for a life-preserver. The mystery is explained, however, when you realize that *Good Intentions* was written and directed by the same William K. Howard who made *White Gold* and *The Valiant,* both of them excellent. Edmund Lowe is the super-crook on this occasion and Marguerite Churchill the society girl who unknowingly falls in love with him. The big robbery has some novel features and involves a society wedding with three thugs dressed up in cutaways and striped trousers.

"Raffles"

Ronald Colman and Kay Francis make one of the handsomest couples you can see on the screen, and their performances are invariably a delight. As for Sidney Howard's adaptation of E. W. Hornung's stories, it is just a little wheezy in the joints. Mr. Raffles (Colman) is supposed to be a master-mind, society crook, but his methods are more reminiscent of Italian opera, with a bevy of Cockney desperados crawling about on all fours in a garden in the moonlight. Any modern crook would blush with shame if he needed all the help Raffles had. *Raffles* is moderately entertaining however—and I should think the kids would be crazy about it. David Torrence is excellent as the Scotland Yard man outwitted by Raffles.

Shochiko Productions

A MODERN JAPANESE FILM

Disregarding their ancient, stylized technique, the actors in "Yoshivara" portray emotions in the European manner

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In This Issue

LOUIS ADAMIC, whose "Voltaire from Kansas" appeared in a recent issue of the Outlook and Independent is a frequent contributor to the magazines and the author of a biography of Robinson Jeffers. Mr. Adamic's new book *Dynamite* will be published this year.

CLARENCE E. CASON is a member of the faculty of the Department of Journalism at the University of Alabama. Mr. Cason is also a frequent contributor to the magazines.

EDWARD ANGLY was formerly European Correspondent of the Associated Press in France and Russia. His latest contribution to the Outlook and Independent was "M. Le Maire Officiates."

EDGAR WALLACE KNIGHT is professor of education in the University of North Carolina. Dr. Knight is also a member of the Academy of Political and Social Sciences and the author of numerous volumes on education.

Next Week

Master Thinker, by Virgilia Peterson Ross.

Through the New York *Evening Journal,* of which he is editor, and his widely syndicated column, "Today," Arthur Brisbane speaks to over six million people daily. With such an audience it is strange that he should be content merely to voice the thoughts of another man. Such, however, the author claims, is the case. From the political isolation and the necessity for an enormous navy to the wickedness of gambling and the ineffable superiority of woman to mere man, Arthur Brisbane merely voices the opinions of his employer, William Randolph Hearst. Miss Ross describes the personality and career of the world's highest salaried editor.

Sleeve Laughing in Italy, by Percy Winner.

While triumphant Fascism ruthlessly suppresses all opposition and Mussolini rattles his saber, sub-surface observations, Mr. Winner maintains, show the existence of growing opposition to Fascist rule. This opposition, obviously, is not expressed openly. Secret police see to it that critics hostile to the government are apt to find themselves serving a term on the island of Lipari. The close observer, however, can easily discover an increasing undercurrent of maliciously satirical anecdotes and pasquinades all at the expense of Fascism. Even the Pope is not exempt. Although the Italians, Mr. Winner asserts, may not dare to oppose Fascism, they at least are willing to laugh at it.

Santa Fe's New Conquistadores, by Sally Saunders.

Forty years ago, Santa Fe, New Mexico, was not exactly a cultural center. Now it is dedicated to Art. Dramatists, poets, sculptors, painters have established a colony which attracts aspiring artists from all parts of the country. Unfortunately, however, Santa Fe is far too friendly. Somehow, the great books do not get written, the great pictures do not get painted. Miss Saunders describes life among the artists and predicts that Santa Fe's days as an art center are numbered. "Santa Fe," she concludes, "is being made over into a haven, not for the Arts but for the Arty Rich."

I'm a College Boy, Ma'am, by Raymond F. Howes.

"All decent Americans," the author asserts, "cherish a secret affection for the boy who is working his way through college." This is quite as it should be. Unfortunately every clever sales manager in the country knows it with the result that thousands of students spend their vacations ringing doorbells and peddling assorted gadgets or soliciting subscriptions to the weekly *Blah.* Mr. Howes describes some of the tricks of this highly developed "racket" which exploits both the natural desire to help a student and the student himself.

From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Tree

"IT WILL have to come down," said the husband. "It stands too near the house."

The tree was magnificent. Standing beneath it, the wife stretched back her head until her eyes might fasten upon that point of sky touched by the topmost leaf. As her sight reached it, so dizzily high, she threw her hand out blindly to balance herself once more upon the earth; then, holding her arm straight above her head, childishly measured how small she was—how small her husband was, standing six feet high beside her. How absurd, she thought, to say they owned it! Generation after generation of pygmies like herself had walked under this tree, had looked up carelessly at those calm and spreading branches—rising higher into strange atmospheres, meeting new winds; and had thought they owned it. How could they have thought such a thing, knowing all the time they must grow old, and die, and lie helpless in the same earth that fed the roots of this tree? Why, the tree had owned them all, and yet each one had thought—

"Is it true," she asked suddenly, "that the roots of a tree reach as far as its branches? Because, if it is true," she went on irrelevantly, "the house will have to be built on top of the tree!"

"It will have to come down," repeated her husband. "It stands too near the house."

As yet, there was no house. But its shadowy walls rose implacably against the tree they were standing under, and its imaginary foundations struck sharply into the secret ground. They could see the house, the two small creatures that were standing there, more clearly than the stones and grass at their feet. They could do more than see it; they could take it up in their hands and turn it—a few feet this way, further towards the south; by a brush of the forefinger they could knock down a whole wing and set up a verandah; with a deft smudge they could change the white paint into grey, if they liked; for the house was yet to be built.

While her husband was speaking, the wife was busy moving the house, tilting it, cutting pieces out of it; but all the time staring up at the leaves that dipped and slanted above her head. How could she explain it to him when she couldn't understand it herself? This desperate feeling that filled her. Like a wind.

"It won't have to come down," she said stubbornly. And as her husband turned to look at her she went on, struggling against his amazement, "Look! Can't we turn the house a little further that way—and bring the end porch over here—and build it right around the tree?" Her finger traced it for him on the air.

He shook his head. "It isn't practical," said her husband.

"But I want it!" she cried out passionately. "I don't want the house without the tree! Let me have it. Let me build the house around it—"

"Well," began her husband and her heart lifted suddenly. For she could never have explained it to him.

After the house was built, after it had become solid walls where before was flowing air, she could scarcely believe that it still held the tree. She would hurry out upon the porch to lay her hand upon the rough trunk that rose up through the floor; to lift her eyes and see it disappearing through the ceiling, its cool leaves spreading beyond the roof outside their bedroom window. When visitors arrived, "Have you seen our tree?" she would ask breathlessly, half afraid it might have vanished overnight.

Long after the night of the windstorm, she told herself that she had known from the beginning; that a tree could never be held that way. But on the night itself, in the sigh and stillness of that moment before the rushing noise, she was filled with a strange excitement. As she listened through the darkness, holding quietly to her husband's hand, she heard the sudden footstep of the wind, the low growl of the tree—unleashed at last—the rising fury of those branches, struggling, lashing, tearing at the house; and forgot to be afraid. As they left their bed and hurried to their feet, they heard the ripping of the roof, the breaking wall, and for a moment saw the great arms of the tree striking at the darkness, fighting free.

Later, in the sunlight, she stood and stared at it, rising high and calm above the broken house.

"I'll send the men to cut it down today," said her husband.

His wife nodded her head and said nothing. She was seeing the tree as it would lie stretched out upon the ground, beyond the reach of any wind. And on a gust of desolation the thought came to her that now at last it would be owned. The tree was theirs. They owned it.

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

MEN who have had the horrible experience of having a disreputable garter trail them across a parquet floor as they went up to greet a haughty hostess under the eyes of hundreds of chortling guests, should welcome with cries of joy the new Holeproof garterless sock, through the hem of which runs a band of rubber guaranteed to outlast the sock itself. Ourself have felt the longing for such a sock—notably on a day last year when we ran through a station to catch a train. Our right garter had slipped its moorings and was whipping like an angry snake, but we knew that could be remedied, once we were aboard. We reached the train, which was already in motion, grasped the handle with our right hand, and raised our right foot—or tried to raise it, for it wouldn't come up. Our left foot was on our right garter—as we discovered while watching the train vanish over the horizon. But now no more shall we feel that vague horror, that sensation of a friendly grasp inopportunely relaxed, which means that the garter has loosed its hold. This new sock has solved one of life's most embarrassing problems.

WE'VE seen a few new electric gadgets—one of them an electric heating attachment for a cold water faucet. It costs only $6.50, and when attached heats the water as it flows out. Easy to put on and take off.

Another is an electric cut-off, made of mottled green bakelite, which will shut off your fan, percolator, washer or whatever at exactly the time you set it for. It has two outlets, one the automatic timer, the other for ordinary use.

Still another is a combination fruit reamer and drink mixer which fastens to the wall with a bracket and makes the mixing of summer refreshment a simple matter.

And there's an egg timer that rings a little bell when the four minutes is up—or three, if you like 'em sloppy; it's all according to how you set it. Personally, a liquid egg finds no welcome on our breakfast tray.

"OUR COMMUNITY," says a notice we found stuffed in our mail box, "is being flooded with circulars offering supposedly genuine merchandise at prices which permit the use of inferior and low-grade ingredients only. They are distributed by shoe-string operators, whose aim is to make a single sale, and like the Arab, 'fold their tents and silently steal away.' The product is sold in bogus containers, and is in many cases positively harmful. Purporting to be pure, analysis shows the presence of vile chemicals and artificial flavors. Continue to call your favorite, whose hundreds of satisfied customers enable him to offer you—" And then the price list, with gin at $5 a gallon, and Scotch at $4 a quart, and the telephone number at the bottom. Oh, sure; dry America.

THE Edison Company will allow you $1 on your old electric iron if you turn it in and buy one of their Adjust-o-matics, which have a little lever that you can set for the heat you want.

THERE IS a shop in New York—the Graphic Exchange Shop—where you can exchange or sell things you don't want. Take 'em in, and for a small commission the shop will sell them, or trade them for something you like.

THE ARCHDALE RAZOR is a new safety that takes a standard blade, but fastens it down in a sort of S-shape, instead of a shallow U, so that there is a slightly different angle on each side when you're shaving. It advertises: "One side for the 'once over,' another for 'close shave.'" And it's not our fault if you don't understand just what this affair is like; we've done our best with the descriptive powers at our command.

MOTHOPHOBES have disagreed bitterly in the past over the question of whether or not cedar chests will really protect their contents from these voracious household pests. The controversy seems to us to be closed by the appearance on the market of a cedar chest which carries a 5-year insurance policy against moth damage to contents. The lower priced chest carries a policy of $250, the middle priced one $500, and the highest priced one $1000.

A NEW laundry hamper has a laundry bag built inside it. Heave in your soiled garments, list them on the place under the lid, then when the bag is full, pull the draw-string, lift the lid and open the side and the bag tumbles out, all ready to be sent to the laundry. The hamper is mounted on swivel castors, has grills in front and back for ventilation, and comes in lavender, jade, azure and white. Two washable bags and lists come with it.

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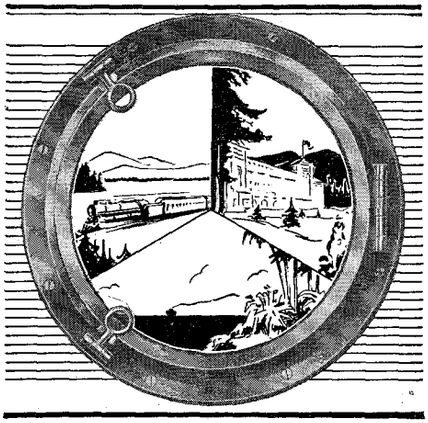
TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



Is It America This Year?

This country of ours offers so much to intrigue the traveler. ¶ We have two distinctly French cities, . . . one in the South, and one in the North. ¶ New Orleans . . . Quebec . . . each with contrary charms . . . one like the Latin Quarter . . . the other like an old French citadel town. ¶ Again let me talk to you of our National Parks . . . our sea-coast resorts . . . Atlantic and Pacific . . . and cool lakes hemmed in by high mountains, . . . where altitude makes the blood dance. ¶ We have lists of fashionable hotels and clubby camps. ¶ Write us before making your plans. ¶ Our service is valuable and gratis.

EVA R. DIXON *Director*

OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU

120 E. 16TH ST. NEW YORK

Los Angeles! There She Blows!

(Continued from Page 565)

cisco is in favor of releasing Tom Mooney, who is doing his fourteenth year in San Quentin for a crime he evidently did not commit, but Los Angeles wants to keep him in—"as an advertisement to eastern capitalists of California's open shop status," as one Los Angeles capitalist recently put it.

Eastern capital and industry come to Los Angeles with the understanding that the place is to be kept open shop—and it will be kept open shop. Next to Climate, the open shop status is the biggest factor in its growth.

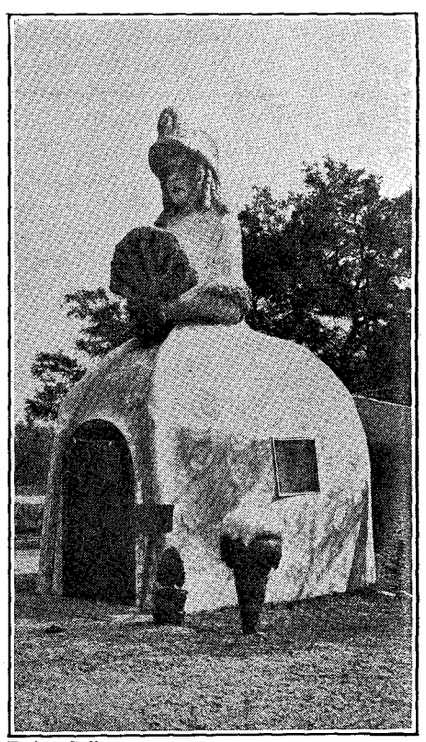
Industrially, Los Angeles is decidedly going forward. Huge areas within the city proper and in the harbor district at San Pedro are occupied by automobile assembly plants, rubber factories and others; while other industrial property has been bought by large national concerns with a view to the future when they believe it will be advisable for them to have branch factories in southern California. Driving about Los Angeles one comes on veritable forests of oil derricks every half hour. The products of fruit and nut growers double every few years. Los Angeles harbor, in point of total tonnage handled, which includes oil, is among American ports second only to New York.

Yet the region is still undeveloped to make it advisable for working people without savings to go to southern California in search of work and earnings. Jobs are scarce and wages low; for the immigrants from Illinois and Nebraska who have been accustomed to work all their lives get bored after they idle a while amid Climate, driving around, walking on Hollywood Boulevard, and decide to find a job—any kind of job, at any pay, just so they get something to do.

Los Angeles has small use for poor people. Four years ago, when about 25,000 people—mostly "folks" from the Middle West—lost approximately $30,000,000 in a gigantic oil swindle, one of the leading papers in town remarked editorially, in effect, as follows: "The crooks have taken the money from the fools. What difference does it make? The money stays in Los Angeles. It is helping to build up the city."

THE idea that literally millions of people from Ohio to Idaho and from Texas to the Carolinas have the intention of going to California sooner or later is not a mere Chamber of Commerce wish-dream. My recent trips across the continent convince me of this. Thousands of people actually arrive in Los Angeles daily by train, ship and motor. Perhaps one-fifth of the automobiles in the streets of southern California carry license plates from other states. One or two big conventions are held in Los Angeles nearly every month. Most of the tourists, of course, return home after a few months, but those who remain usually have money.

The most important people in Los Angeles, of course, are the big business men, the super-Babbitts, who, as a local columnist once put it, are "puffing down the city's windpipe with the intent to inflate it to a degree that it shall be reckoned the largest city in the nation." They form the inner coteries of "the most effective Chamber of Commerce in the country" and other business and anti-Red and pro-Climate organizations. They are grim, rather inhuman, individuals with a terrifying



Ewing Galloway

THE "BETSY ANN"
An ice-cream shop disguised as a doll

singleness of intention; they see a tremendous opportunity to enrich themselves beyond anything they could have hoped for fifteen or twenty years ago, and they mean to make the most of it. They have their fingers in every important economic pie in the region. They work hard, harder than any other group of people in town.

They are possessed by a mad and powerful drive which, somehow, is not deeply rooted in their own personalities, but is rather a part of the place—this great region of eternal spring that

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lies between the Sierras and the sea and that, in the last few decades, has captured the imagination of millions of people, who for various reasons have become dissatisfied with what life offers them in the East, the South and the Mid-West. Apart from a rôle they are playing in the up-building of southern California, these "big men" impress one as rather dull and ordinary, but they become considerable personages when in action for a greater Los Angeles and bigger profits for themselves.

Trailing after the big ones is a mob of lesser fellows, whom the former awe with their superior economic advantages and control through the Chamber of Commerce and other organizations; thousands of minor realtors, boomers, promoters, contractors, agents, salesmen, bunko-men, office-holders, public-relations counsels, lawyers—all motivated by the same motives for wealth, power and personal glory, and a greater Los Angeles. They exploit the "come-ons" and one another, envy the "big fellows," live half deliriously for business and more business, wonder what can be the matter with the wife and fear—vaguely—that the children are going to the dogs, but are at a loss to do anything about it.

Then there are the Folks, as they are called half affectionately, half derisively, by the men who run things. These are the retired farmers, grocers, Ford agents, petty hardware and shoe merchants from the Middle West, hundreds of thousands of them, who have worked harder than any one should through their best years, no doubt swindled a little, prayed a little, paid taxes, raised four or five kids, made their little pile, grown old and rheumatic, and then sold out or turned the business over to younger hands and come to Sunny California, to rest, regain their vigor, enjoy Climate, look at pretty scenery, live in a tiny bungalow with a palm in front, and eat in cafeterias. Toil-broken and bleached out, they flock to Los Angeles every week, fugitives from the simple, inexorable justice of life, from hard labor and drudgery, often bringing their children along, vaguely hoping to spare them from their own fate. They are unwell, vacuous, biologically finished men and women, neurotic, incapable of new ideas; good, simple, honest people as people go; God-fearing, sensible and shrewd in their little ways, equipped with typical American democratic conceits, loyalties, prejudices and sentimentalities, yet very credulous and trusting, easily swayed by expert Machiavellis, Cagliostros and Savonarolas.

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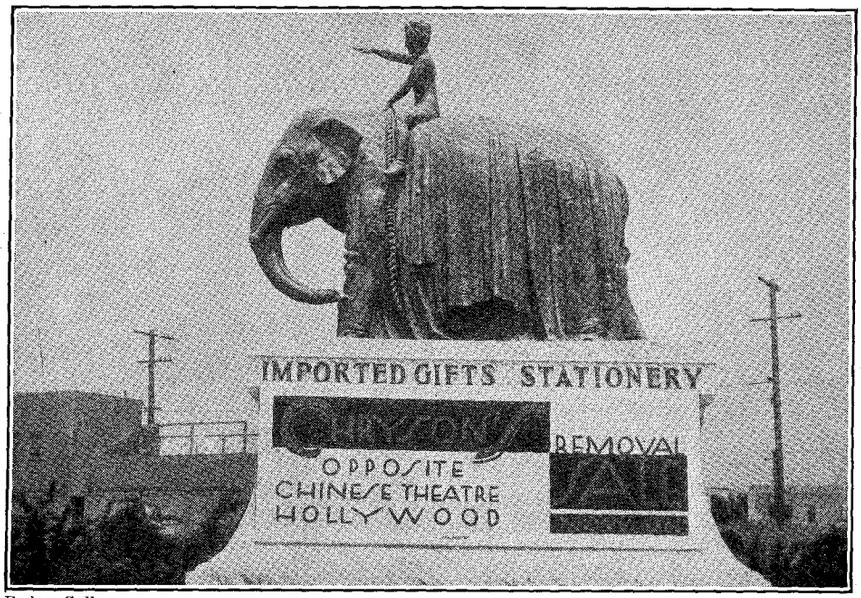


Ewing Galloway

Statuary for signs

THERE are, of course, other kinds—many kinds—of people in Los Angeles, but the Folks predominate numerically and give the place the quality of a tremendously overgrown village. They are organized in state societies, run by ambitious, energetic go-getters interested in other things than their members' social life. They hold mammoth quarterly or semi-annual picnics in the largest parks in Los Angeles, Long Beach or Pasadena. The last Iowa picnic given in the immense Sycamore Grove was attended by nearly 100,000 sons and daughters of that state, including some of the leading politicians and many reporters from "back home." The Folks come in machines and streetcars with baskets of fried chicken, hard-boiled eggs, potato salad, short-cake and thermos of hot coffee. The park becomes a map of Iowa, divided into counties and townships, and they gather around the signs, meet friends and acquaintances, talk and eat and chew, and scream with delight when they spot a familiar face in the crowd. They dance old-fashioned dances, pitch horseshoes, do stunts, listen to speeches of aspiring California and Iowa politicians, take snapshots, talk of things "back home" and of Climate—how wonderful it is; how much better they feel since coming to Los Angeles, though now and then, they admit, they get real lonesome for the snowdrifts of Ioway.

THE Folks' interest in politics is slight and superficial. The go-getters and politicians can do anything they please. Ballyhoo puts over almost any candidate.

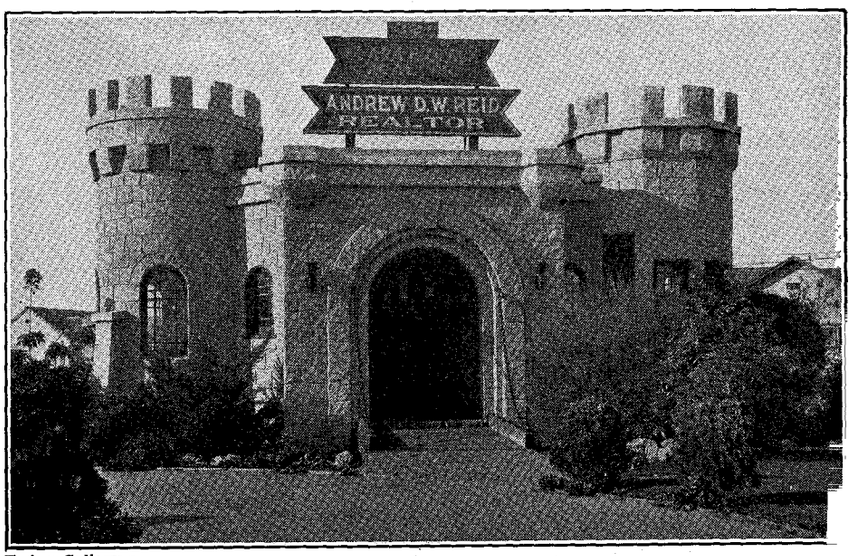
The big thing in California is health; indeed, most of the people come there to be sunkissed and made well. Healing is a tremendous industry in Los Angeles. There are thousands of regular physicians and surgeons and dentists, and hundreds of chiropractors, osteopaths, "drugless doctors," electro-therapeutists, Christian Science practitioners, other religious faith-healers like Aimee McPherson, health lecturers, manufacturers and distributors of all sorts of health "stabilizers" and "normalizers," health psychologists, magicians, spellbinders, mesmerists, mystics, miracle men and women, wonder workers, yogis, and quacks and charlatans of all descriptions.

Next in interest among the Folks is the Hereafter and generally the mysterious side of life. Los Angeles is "the city of churches," most of them Fundamentalist with modern publicity methods to attract crowds. Some years ago Rin-tin-tin, the famous movie dog, appeared "in person" on the rostrum of a great Protestant church.

In addition, Los Angeles has immense evangelistic institutions with their own radio broadcasting plants and resident correspondence schools for religious workers. One is apt to be stopped in the street any time of the day by a "fisher of men," as the Bible Institute calls its graduates, or one of Mrs. McPherson's "scouts," and asked whether or not one is saved, or has been washed in the Blood of the Lamb; and if not, why not?

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE is a powerful factor in the life of Los Angeles. It is stronger in southern California than in its native Boston. The *Monitor* is sold in the streets and Los Angeles papers are required to print long Christian Science lectures, else they are boycotted by the followers of Mrs. Eddy's doctrines. Christian Science is a power in the educational institutions. A few years ago a young professor was dismissed from one of the universities because, after several warnings, he would not refrain from mentioning the plague in connection with the Elizabethan Period! Such things as plagues do not exist for Christian Scientists.

Los Angeles also has the largest women's clubs, the greatest number of literary societies, and all sorts of clubs devoted to the Higher Things in Life. It is a favorite city of visiting English and native authors. The town is well on the way, too, to becoming a great music center, though there appear to be comparatively few real music-lovers in southern California. The famous Hollywood Bowl, while an excellent enterprise from the purely musical viewpoint, is fundamentally a device to lure the



Ewing Galloway

A realtor's castle

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"come-ons." It received its early financial backing mainly from non-musical go-getters who had been persuaded that it was a good advertisement for the town and would bring in a lot of people who otherwise would not think of coming. Of late years, to keep the Bowl going, the management has been resorting to typical American stunts. Two years ago, for instance, to get space in the papers and attract crowds, they had Percy Grainger, the conductor, take unto himself a bride on the stage after the concert, in the presence of 25,000 music-lovers."

FROM an airplane, Los Angeles looks as if a delirious hand had scattered it over the plain, along the beaches and on the hillsides. But it is an impressive —by the grace of height, almost beautiful—sight, as it spreads beneath one far and wide, its farthest suburbs vanishing in multicolored mists. As one walks or drives through the streets, however, the town is full of annoying aspects, lovely only in spots, few and far between.

With all the room there is within the city limits, the main business district is noisy, chaotic, overcrowded, ugly, though, of course, no worse than are the business sections of most American cities. The residential parts are conglomerations of all styles of architecture, with California bungalows predominating. There is much cheap gaudiness and artistic freakishness. It seems that Iowa and Nebraska folk who settle in California, reaching out for splendor, long for something "cute and comfy," different from the gray old house "back home." They like tiny little houses painted green with red window-frames, colored panes, curious doorways and swinging lanterns over the doorstep; while movie stars, oil men and evangelists, also reaching out for beauty, take to florid chauteaux and villas. There are, of course, many residences built in fine, simple taste, but their architectural beauty suffers from the "arty" horrors around them. The chief virtue of the freakish dwellings is that they are flimsy affairs, put up hastily by crooked contractors, and perhaps ten years hence most of them will have been replaced, I have no doubt, by more sensible architecture. The organized architects are beginning to take an interest in the appearance of the town.

In the center of Los Angeles stands a new twenty-six story skyscraper—the City Hall—in defiance of the only possible thing, so far as the go-getters can see, that might put a stop to its growth, and that is an earthquake. Slight tremors, when they occur, are usually ignored by the press. Instead, the papers feature stories of the terrible summer heat and worse winter cold in the East and the Middle West, and the cyclones and hurricanes of Oklahoma, Texas and Nebraska—in sharp contrast with the benign, calm Climate in southern California.

Tom-Tom Heflin

(Continued from Page 568)

tives in 1917. When President Coolidge rebuked him for introducing religious controversy into the senate, and when Senator Joe Robinson of Arkansas bitterly assailed him for the same affront,

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of August 9, 1950

The Royal Yachting Conference at Cowes, in a memorial Wednesday to the U. S. Yacht Club, requested that, in order that the British public may sometimes attend the America's Cup Races, the races be held in alternate years in British and American waters.

Tilden R. Jones of Rhode Island won the greatest number of points in the 1950 midget Olympic Games just ended at Kleinburgh, Del. He was placed first in tiddlywinks (singles), first in two-yard dash, first in Tom Thumb golf, second in table croquet, second in four-foot-pole vault, and first in hurling the nickel and putting the buckshot.

The first change under the flexible provision of the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act of 1930 became effective today as a result of advices that Iceland was about to establish a beeswax bleachery. President Willebrandt approved the Tariff Commission's recommendation that the duty on bleached beeswax be increased from 90 per cent ad valorem to 110 per cent ad valorem.

the undirected emotionalism of Mr. Heflin appears to have been fanned into a venomous and consuming fury.

Without achieving a reputation for industry as a statesman, and indeed without particular concern for details of public affairs except as they touched his personal career, young Heflin loafed through his two terms in the state legislature. As boon companions and confidants, he had W. W. Brandon, Ned Robinson, and Sam Jenkins. Often until the small hours of the morning the four would sit together in a room at the Exchange Hotel or Joseph's Restaurant. Upon the table, covered with a faded piece of drapery, they would place bills scheduled for debate in the legislature. One of the company would take a gavel and act as presiding officer. "I recognize the gentleman from Chambers," he would say. Then Heflin would rise and deliver the speech which he had prepared. The others would offer criticisms and suggestions, and later they would present their own addresses, under the flickering gas lights. Heflin was said to lack an ability for original thought; yet he could repeat without a blunder long passages which he read and which his friends composed for him. Mainly distinguished as a mimic, he could bark like a dog, crow like a rooster, and croon like a violin.

His model in those days was the grotesque Bob Taylor, Governor of Tennessee. With his photographic memory, Heflin was able to reproduce whole speeches of Taylor's, and he delighted to imitate that odd character's mannerisms through long stanzas of "The Fiddle and the Bow." Another model for the group was the flamboyant orator, Samuel D. Prentice of Mississippi. Heflin would memorize the meaningless rhetoric of Prentice and run whole passages into his own speeches, with complete irrelevance. One such passage dealt with "tearing the stars from the flag of Mississippi and leaving the stripe as token of her shame." This figure Heflin transferred to Alabama and used it in supporting or opposing bills on the floor, to the stupefied admiration of his colleagues.

To each other the members of the little group confided their ambitions and pledged mutual support. Heflin and Robinson were to go to Washington as representatives, and Brandon was to be Governor of Alabama. They planned astute tricks to help each other. If constituents of one of the group came to Montgomery on business, the visitors would be carefully installed in a room next to the one where the cronies were to meet. At night three of the legislators would carefully declaim speeches laudatory of the other member, whose constituents could hear every word through the thin partition walls of the hotel. The effect was electric.

IN HIS home-town of Lafayette, the lordly white figure of Senator Heflin is the center of interest through the long hot days of summer. A widower for twenty years, he has reserved only a single room in the large colonial house which he built after being married to Miss Minnie Schuessler, who was con-

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sidered the richest girl in town. The house is now maintained by a branch of the Schuessler family. He customarily has a large breakfast in bed between eight and nine o'clock, while the newspapers and important mail are read to him by his secretary.

Emerging on Montgomery Street for a walk down to the town square, he is considered "a gentleman of the old school." On week-days he wears suits of white cotton material, with double-breasted coat reaching almost to the knees, white canvas shoes, and a flapping Panama hat eighteen inches wide. The hat sweeps the ground in greeting to every lady. "Good morning, Miss Bettie Lou—Good morning, Miss Susie Mae." Noting the slight stoop in his shoulders as he passes down the street, Miss Susie Mae follows him with the remark that "Tom will have to get his coat-tails leveled off pretty soon now." It is said that many a maiden lady and widow with fancy free have wondered why Mr. Heflin has never married again.

At the court house, where his career began, several rooms are now set aside for his use. Clerks and stenographers are kept busy. Late one afternoon a townsman counted ninety-five mail sacks full of his Washington speeches, which he was distributing over the state. At Collins Drug Store Mr. Heflin is to be encountered at least once a day. He usually walks from place to place in Lafayette, except when his only son, Tommy, brings the big Buick sedan from Washington.

During the summer, countryside barbecues and all-day singings are incomplete without Old Tom. At those rough-hewn festivals he is completely at home and in harmony with his surroundings. His capacity for eating is notorious: a joint of mutton, a brown hunk of beef dripping with barbecue sauce, untold slices of bread sopped in gravy, and a quarter of a red watermelon—these are solaces to his soul. And then the speech, two hours in length, with his hair a wet mop and with voluminous sweat pouring over his livid countenance and soaking through the shoulders of his coat and the knees of his trousers—these, and the vociferous adulation of his subjects, are the essentials of his kingdom. Such are the rude scenes which Heflin must envision when he walks the streets of Washington, an exotic figure in a foreign land.

What are Senator Heflin's chances for being re-elected against John H. Bankhead on November 4? Though one may desperately cling to an opposite hope, let Cotton Tom supply his own answer. "For God's sake, let me in there with old John," he bellows. "Why, John hasn't got any more chance to go to the United States Senate than a mouse-colored mule has to operate an airplane!"

Centaurs in the Flesh

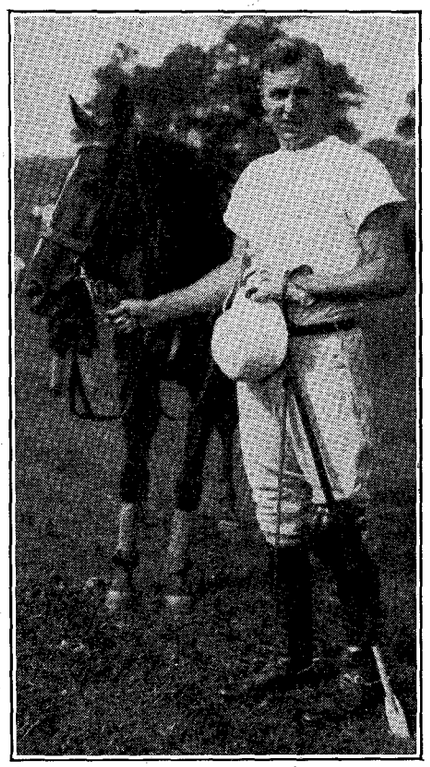
(Continued from Page 583)

Don't dribble the ball. Take a full swing at it every chance you get.

Don't make a wide circle when turning. Pivot your pony sharply.

If your opponent has ridden you off, do not pull away or slacken speed. If you can't block him—hurry him.

Play the man rather than the ball. The ball won't go by itself if you eliminate the man. Bump him hard!



Acme

The swashbuckling Tommy Hitchcock

Hitchcock practices what he preaches. To borrow his own expressive phrase, he "eliminates his man." Also a few other men for good measure.

Captained by this hard hitting fighter, the American four will ride onto the smoothly tamped, rectangular expanse of turf at Meadowbrook next month, a pronounced favorite over what promises to be the most formidable side England has sent to America since Tomkinson, Barrett, Cheape and Lockett conquered what was left of America's "Big Four" in 1914.

The United States line-up remains unsettled as these lines are written, but it is reasonably certain that Winston Guest, the American son of a British polo crack, will fit in either at back or at number two. Once the mainstay of the Yale team, Guest gave a spectacular if unorthodox exhibition as "Dev" Milburn's successor at back against the Argentine four in 1928. As a back Guest looked like a great forward that afternoon, but his penchant for attacking at the expense of his defensive assignment paid surprising dividends in goals.

Hitchcock, the greatest two the game has known, recognizing Guest's flair of offense, may definitely play himself at three and employ either Earl Hopping, Jr., or Guest at back. Hopping is likely to edge in somewhere against England.

Eric Pedley, a popular favorite with newspaper writers, Elmer Boeseke, his fellow Californian, little Pete Bostwick, the steeple chase rider, and Averell Harriman, a reliable standby, are still fighting it out for the number one post—the spearhead of the attack.

This competition for places is diverting, but with so many competent players available the final composition of the team does not greatly matter as long as nothing happens to Tommy Hitchcock. If he should be disabled one need not be a fortune teller to predict a long sea journey for the Westchester Polo Cup.

Booze in Texas

(Continued from Page 581)

made some of them hypocrites."

That prohibition has not succeeded in making Palestine either dry or wholly virtuous, even those who used to crusade against liquor are often frank to admit. It was only a few weeks ago that the Rev. C. C. Crimm, who calls himself the "Cowboy Evangelist," breezed into town under a five gallon hat with half a dozen fox-hounds in tow, barking their way straight on to the front pages. For two weeks the Rev. Mr. Crimm held forth at one of the Methodist churches, lambasting the bootleggers and their clients in much the same language that the revivalists of the wicked old days use to fire against the saloon keepers and the bar-flies. As a climax to a fortnight of fulminating, he took as his topic "Palestine Sold Out to the Devil, Lock, Stock and Barrel, Powder Horn, Gun, Rod and All." It seemed he had just discovered that the town was not only infested with bootleggers, but that there were pocket flasks in use among the citizenry and furthermore, that the women were not only playing bridge, but were also mixing and shaking and drinking those concoctions of the devil which are known in every language as cocktails.

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With Our Readers

The Mooney Case

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Andover, Conn.*

SIR—I enjoyed your editorial on the Mooney case. In this and other "civil liberty" cases, the issue is always: "Is the emergency such that the safety of the state is in danger?" and "Does in particular the defendant play the rôle of a dangerous citizen?" For when a nation may be forced to spend its money in huge amount on war and to risk millions of its citizens on the battle-field to say nothing of what might happen if it lost the war, individual rights simply do not count.

In case of Mooney, it is clear that he was a self-acknowledged agitator and that, if an emergency did exist, it was proper to lock him up as a political prisoner. The trouble was that instead of meeting the issue fairly and honestly, a trumped-up criminal charge with legal trickery was brought up and an end, quite legitimate in itself and which should have been attained in a straightforward manner, was sought and gained in an underhanded and mean way. It is perfectly plain that there was an attempt to "get" him, which word has a most unpleasant connotation. Such an action merely weakens the majesty of the law and makes the sovereignty of the state derisive. It is entirely unnecessary if the real issue—the danger to the state—be met. For any state worthy of the name can tolerate no opposition in times of stress though it can afford in normal times any amount of agitation short of actual sedition, trusting to the reason of its citizens to find for themselves the proper remedy. But if it is about to force its citizens to jeopardize their lives on the battle-field, it has the right to imprison those who defy its majesty.

In short, the Roman maxim, "Inter arma, leges silent" applies if it be decided by the court that it is time for the laws to be silent. Had this course been followed, and Mooney and other agitators been locked up as political prisoners during the abnormality and then just as frankly released as political prisoners after things quieted down, I can see no reason for criticism from any one.

WOOLSEY MCA. JOHNSON.

We Become Near Sighted

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *San Francisco*

SIR—Your article, "A Shocking Decision," will disturb many of your readers as to the value of your opinion on other subjects. Aside from the Labor press and the Hearst sheets, the attitude of the present Governor and his predecessors, as well as the attitude of our judges, and others of high repute, and such independent papers as the Sacramento *Bee*, and the Los Angeles *Times*, none of whom are accused of being blood thirsty or stupid, is quite contrary to your conclusions. Of course they may be ignorant of what took place, since it happened in their home state, and the Outlook is 3,000 miles away, where racketeering is quite common, which may account for your vision.

O. L. BERNSTEIN.

Reckless Public Expenditures

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Santa Ana, Calif.*

SIR—Permit me to congratulate you on the editorial appearing in your July 16th issue under the caption, "Bowing to a New G.A.R." This editorial, in my estimation, explains the situation in a nutshell and ought to be of tremendous interest to the great army of taxpayers who have to bear the burden of reckless public expenditures foisted upon an unsuspecting public in favor of a selected class.

I am glad to see that a publication of your standing has the backbone to come out publicly with such a splendid statement. As you state, if such laws are continually passed, more will follow with no limit in sight so long as they can be put over. It would seem that veterans of all classes are pretty well taken care of now, both by the several individual states as well as the federal government, but they will want more just so long as these laws can be used to further somebody's personal interest and the public will stand for it.

I also wish to congratulate the fellow who writes the weekly article under the heading "Backstage in Washington." I never fail to read this page in your valued publication and would ask that you kindly convey my best wishes to him, whoever he is. His stuff is good, I think, and I do enjoy reading it very much, and believe he must be right on the "inside" of things around the Capitol to be able to write these articles regularly every week, as he does. . . .

K. E. HILLESTAD.

Understanding Humanism

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Los Angeles*

SIR—The greatest trouble with Mr. Harry Salpeter's article, "Irving Babbitt: Calvinist," in the Outlook for July 16th is the same that one finds in the output of all opponents of Humanism, though why they should be more or less bitter opponents, dealing more or less irritatedly in personalities, rather than calm, self-contained critics, is a little puzzling to one not gifted with uncommon discernment. This trouble I refer to is the exhibition of a spirit which, to put the case mildly, is conspicuously lacking in poise and urbanity.

May I suggest for the benefit of interested readers who would like to get an idea of what Humanism means to "a cultured, curious person, versed in humane letters, and tolerantly studious of his fellow men" that he can do no better than read Mr. Frank Jewett Mather's "Humanism—Attitude or Credo?" in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June.

Mr. Mather is a personal friend of Mr. Irving Babbitt's. However, he needs no introduction to any one conversant with contemporary American criticism.

GERTRUDE W. PAGE.

Suggestion to Democrats

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Fort Myers, Fla.*

SIR—I frequently find one of your articles worth the price of a year's subscription, for instance "Texas Free-for-All" in this week's issue.

The Democratic Party is in dire straits as a National party and only by throwing off the yoke of the "witch-burners" will it ever figure in a presidential election again.

Mrs. Blair's article, published nearly a year ago is the best I ever read on the subject and one which I wish every good Democrat could read.

There are too many "my moral code or none" enthusiasts, too many zealous reformers, in whose veins the milk of human kindness and charity towards others' imperfections and weaknesses ceased flowing years ago, if indeed it ever existed. "Virtue" outraged rushes into print more readily than the vast army of your appreciative readers.

HOLLAND MCCORMICK.

The Truth About Alcohol

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *New York*

SIR—I have just read "Antisaccharites—and Others," by J. W. Emerson. This article leaves the impression that we know no more about the action of alcohol than was known about that of sugar in the seventeenth century.

The chemist at least deserves the credit of working out the chemical formula of alcohol, to say nothing of giving the physiologists and pharmacologists credit for the immense amount of scientific experimental work they have done. (Some of which might support the moderate use of alcohol!)

Shouldn't the reader who still believes alcohol "belongs to that class of substances popularly known as 'the stimulants'" be told the scientific truth? We may not yet know the "real function" of alcohol, but pharmacology will give such information as the following quotation from Sollman's text:

"The view that alcohol increases the intellectual and physical powers of the individual is shown by actual experiment to be erroneous, and based almost entirely upon the subjection conditions of the individual, his weakened faculty of judgment.

"Experience soon teaches this lesson: that alcohol does not really stimulate. Persons who have to undergo severe exertion, either physical or intellectual, very rarely take alcohol before or during their labor, but only when this is finished. And then not for any stimulating, but really for its depressing, effect; for the feeling of comfort and general relaxation which it induces."

Why not have an article review all the experimental scientific work on the effect of alcohol?

R. B. M.

The Mantle of Charity

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Detroit*

SIR—I am interested in the letter sent you by one Elsie Gillett Giles, who writes all the way from Redlands, Cal., to "do her bit" for prohibition.

I am not sure as to Elsie's status in her community. If she is not officially connected with some benevolent organization, or body of willing workers, she will be as soon as she grows up. Such zeal is rarely long overlooked in a small town.

The thing, however, that moved me to write, was the sober reflection as to the totally demoralizing effect of the disposition of alliance with prohibition as is. Somehow we still like to associate sweetness and light with the gentler sex, and it is disappointing to find them given to harsh words and ill considered judgments.

Contact with gentle, well-bred women adds to life something we cannot afford to lose; so we resent it when we find the crusading spirit entering and leaving no place for grace and mellowness. This "wine," long drunk by philosophers and praised by poets, which even the Scripture says "maketh glad the heart of man" is immediately made unpleasant as "Booze" or "Hooch!" And the friendly, well-mannered one who takes a glass of wine, is, in their eyes, none other than the drunkard who comes home only to beat his wife and abuse the children.

No, Elsie, I do not like to ride with a drunken driver; you are right. But, I confess, it makes little difference to me whether he—or she—is drunken with wine, or with overflowing zealotry. There are times, forgive me, when sober myself, I might prefer the former to the latter. Though I know of no reliable statistics covering the case, I would not be surprised to find that more homes have been rendered impossible through an unbridled appetite for reformatory exhortation than by an ungoverned appetite for alcohol.

One given to wine often becomes more genial and mellow through its use, more companionable; witness the French and Italians, notoriously a gay and light hearted people with whom life seems more like a holiday. But one given to intemperate speech, especially of a reformatory nature, grows toward an ever increasingly unpleasant and shocking bitterness.

I could not be so outspokenly sure, Elsie, that anybody was a hypocrite as you are of the Outlook. But then, I may not be worthy to be a crusader. How can one be so sure—on controverted questions—of his own unswerving rightness, that any one of differing views must be a hprocrite, or an imbecile?

I am inclined to believe, Elsie, that the Outlook does receive more dry letters than wet ones. The "Wets" as you so graciously term us, are more given to a "let live" policy; more mellow, so to speak; less subject to that searing criticism, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up."

Oh, Elsie, how can you be so cruelly convinced that, as a citizen, I am "a detriment to any civilized nation"? Is this kind, just or necessary? Is it the conclusion of a temperate and balanced mind; or has the rennet of prohibition embittered somewhat the milk of human kindness in you?

"Some day" you say with the voice of Cassandra, "some day you will be called upon to give an account of the deeds done here, and I can imagine you will feel pretty small and mean." Elsie, if you refer to the great white throne, I cannot gainsay you. I shall feel small; but I hope not "mean." No, for I shall try to draw around me the mantle of Christian charity, which may help to cover even the multitude of sins you attribute to me.

What will you substitute for it when your own time comes? "I am curious to know."

MAYNARD D. FOLLIN.

A Man of High Character

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Topeka*

SIR—In my candid opinion the drys do not "walk by faith, or by sight" (2 Cor. 5, 7) but "walk" by fanaticism, wild enthusiasm and frenzied zeal, and hence cannot tell the truth about the wets' opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act.

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The cry of the drys, "the wets want back the open saloon," is nothing more than propaganda. In other words they seek to deceive the people as to the wets' opposition to prohibition as now enforced. The Topeka daily *Capital's* (Senator Capper's paper) editorial attempt to belie Ambassador Morrow on the Eighteenth Amendment is in my opinion proof of the *Capital's* animosity, hatred, and enmity of those who do not believe in prohibition. The *Capital* is forced to say, "in the main the Morrow speech is the frank and honest statement that the country would expect from a man of his high character." Yet, the *Capital* vigorously flays Morrow for his "honest statement" and "high character."

Ambassador Morrow is right in denouncing the Eighteenth Amendment. I wish I could say as much for Capper's *Capital*. I have read, and reread Ambassador Morrow's speech on the ills the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act have produced in this country, and their remedies, and must say I fully endorse it. And I am a dry.

Senator Capper's *Capital* further says, "There is no escape from the saloon under the Morrow scheme of state regulation and control," and that "the liquor traffic is one of the things that could not be controlled by conflicting state law and policies." Under the Morrow scheme of state regulation and control, there will be no "open saloons" neither would there be any "conflicting state laws." For men of "high character" will see that neither takes place.

The fanatical drys claim the wets do not offer anything better to take the place of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. This assertion might be serious were it not so ludicrous. Suppose the Federal Government should enact the following into a National Law, to wit:

That each of the several states of these United States shall have the right to build, own, and operate breweries and wineries for the purpose of manufacturing beer and wines within each of the several states to the consumers of said states, by and through the retail grocery stores of said states at cost of production, and carriage. The amount to be purchased by one individual to be limited to so much each day, or week, and when so purchased to be taken home for consumption.

Would there be any conflict in such a universal law? Surely not. So why not repeal all drastic prohibitory laws that have a tendency to produce crime. Furthermore such a universal law would forever kill off all bootleggers and the horde of grafters that are now within the prohibition fold. It would stop the murdering of men, women and children, and restore unto the American people their constitutional rights, which the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act have destroyed. It would stop manufacturing crime and thus empty our prisons, and relieve the congested condition of our courts. It would stop hypocritical, bone dry lawyers from "defending" the wet criminals in our courts.

Prohibition strikes at the very heart and root of our constitution by tending to destroy the power of the people to enjoy their inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. . . . Yes, I am a dry. No man is dryer. Yet I am opposed to all prohibitory laws. I truly hope Ambassador Morrow will be elected to the United States Senate from New Jersey by an overwhelming majority. I hope Kansas will nominate and elect another "man of high character" to the Senate and that man is Ralph Snider.

M. KEMEDY.

Dripping Wet

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Little Silver, N. J.*

SIR—Only a boob can fail to infer that you are furnished with a subsidy or a narcotic by some individual or corporate person interested pecuniarily in the liquor traffic. I have observed no other paper exude so much temperamental moisture; no other paper giving so much white space and loquacity to damning prohibition. You are giving more than is expected or customary.

In your zeal to bring the god of wine back you personally hide under a false semblance by asserting that you are moved solely by a desire to save our bleeding country. It is a vile ejaculation to reply, "Bah! Much you and your co-editors care for the country!" You all are such a mendacious lot as to have made the heart of Queen Bess rejoice three hundred and fifty years ago. For whether writing—in your usual artful way—about booze, Reds, Digest-poll, or about those delicate and polished Dirty Crooks, you manifest a lack of penetration. So little of it has been vouchsafed to you and your regular editorial staff that you all imagine your readers have none. Thus it happens that because in your opinion readers have no acuteness, the Outlook's pages are penetrated, impregnated, and soaked more and more each passing week, inducing in me wonder when it will be so filled that no more can be taken up. Only yesterday I opened the last issue; and as I began to read the whale of stuff about the wets, I imagined I could smell it. And I marveled whether your printer had also been told to mix whiskey with the ink with which the Outlook is printed.

Frankly forty pages are too much as a quid pro quo. So much servility provokes disgust among friendly, docorous, and old-time subscribers. Were it not for the fact that some special articles are worth each week 50 cents to $1 to about every subscriber, I should quit you and end all the pain of reading what is today a rather prosaic and commonplace magazine.

MRS. SAMUEL D. GILPIN.

Backstage in Washington

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Alliance, Ohio*

SIR—I have been a reader of the Outlook for more than thirty years, and a regular subscriber for nearly thirty years. Until very recent years, it was my favorite weekly. And while Independent was not part of its name, it really was independent. Now that it has added Independent to its name, it seems to me to have lost most of that property.

I do not consider that you stand for good citizenship, since your attitude fosters disrespect for law, criticizes laws you do not like (which is of course your right), but adds no suggestions for improvement. You are certainly very critical of the present administration, and at times most unfair in your criticisms, especially of President Hoover.

Your "Backstage in Washington" has been one of the most objectionable features to me. If the superwisdom of the person writing this article could be utilized by President Hoover, most of his troubles would be over. His lame attempts at humor (not so much of this lately) seem to have no place in the matters he attempts to discuss. He knows so much about what is going on in administration circles, always a little more than the papers publish, that it is to be regretted that his wonderful abilities are not utilized for something constructive, rather than criticizing almost every one he mentions.

E. C. CARLOW.

Happy Thought

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *La Crosse, Wis.*

SIR—My letter will be brief but to the point You people are regular geniuses: you could move into the White House and give President Hoover a vacation and vice versa.

CLARENCE T. WISLAND.

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